

# The Academy and Literature.

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## The Literary Week.

FROM the literary point of view, the Coronation has been a disappointment. Nothing really notable in the way of description appeared in Monday's papers, and the absence from among us of the late G. W. Stevens was severely felt. In point of voluminousness, we fancy that *The Manchester Guardian* easily outdid all competitors, either metropolitan or provincial. It came forth with a truly American issue of a hundred and sixty stout columns, about seventy of which were solid letterpress. That is to say, the excellent *Guardian's* descriptions of, and remarks at large upon, the Coronation would make a couple of volumes of the size of Mr. Wells's *The Sea-Lady*; this in addition to many pictures, each a couple of feet square.

THE French correspondents showed that they had not mixed with their dithyrambic English colleagues for nothing, and this was especially demonstrated in *Le Journal*, on the whole the most generally influential of Parisian dailies, which sent over the well-known M. Ludovic Naudeau as its representative. M. Naudeau began his "Impressions de Sacre" thus:—

Like Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle;  
Like the ancient Kings of France at Rheims;  
Like Charles the Seventh before Joan of Arc;  
Like Napoleon at Notre-Dame;

Like William the Conqueror, like Edward the First, and like Victoria;  
In a similar setting;  
And with rites almost identical;  
Edward the Seventh has just been crowned.  
Marvels, marvels, I have just seen marvels!  
But how shall I tell it?  
Look!

The lineation is ours, but the poesy is exactly M. Naudeau's. This journalist closed by stating that he expected to see appear in the Abbey "some Lohengrin in silver armour, some Sir Tristan, some fabulous hero." But he saw none. The contribution of the famous M. Jules Huret to the *Figaro* was no doubt decidedly nearer to literature.

HOWEVER, for really pulverising portentousness (united, we admit, with excellent journalism), commend us to the *British Weekly's* seven columns filled with accounts of "How I saw the Coronation" by Free Church Leaders in the Abbey. Matthew Arnold would surely have read added meaning into his own phrase, "the dissidence of dissent," had he been able to cast his eye over this singular symposium, in which, to our mind, nothing is so impressive as the headings denoting the authorships. Here they are:—

I.  
BY THE REV. D. BROOK, M.A., D.C.L., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH.

II.  
BY REV. G. T. CANDLIN, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

III.  
BY THE REV. A. H. DRYSDALE, M.A., MODERATOR OF THE ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

IV.  
BY THE REV. DR. HOWIE, MODERATOR OF THE UNITED FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

V.  
BY THE REV. THOMAS MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

VI.  
BY THE REV. J. R. WOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE BAPTIST UNION.

THERE is naturally a good deal of curiosity concerning Miss Marie Corelli's *Temporal Power*, to be published by Messrs. Methuen on the 28th of this month. There seems to be considerable doubt amongst the prophets as to what line the book really takes. The one outstanding fact appears to be that the publishers intend to print 120,000 copies. In accordance with her usual custom we presume that Miss Corelli will refrain from submitting a copy of *Temporal Power* for our poor opinion, but we intend to be there. Even Miss Corelli's most ruthless detractors must confess to some curiosity about what she will offer next.

THE life of the late Lord Dufferin is to be written by Sir Alfred Lyall, who will make a complete study of the papers and correspondence at Clandeboy.

THE enormous spread of Free Libraries in America is thought by some observers to be a serious menace to the book-selling and publishing trades. The pith of the argument is, of course, simply this, that if readers can borrow new books at a merely nominal expense, they will not buy them. We are by no means convinced, however, that this must follow. The more the appetite for reading is increased by wholesale lending, the more will the desire to buy and possess books be increased. The whole subject bristles with difficulties, and depends on figures and ratios which are not, and cannot be, produced. We can only say that if the effect of Free Libraries is to be the killing of the book-buying habit, then these institutions are a doubtful blessing. Already, we think, they foster a most regrettable tendency to borrow many books instead of to purchase a few. The true book-lover detests borrowing from free libraries, except it may be for purposes of temporary research, and it is hardly too much to say that the ultimate mission of the Free Library is to render itself unnecessary.

In the *Westminster Review* Mr. James Arthur Gibson has a pleasantly naive and buoyant article called "On becoming Possessed of a Library." Through long and strenuous years in which England and books were far from him Mr. Gibson looked forward to the time when he should live in the country and browse on books. When a few months ago he returned home to fulfil this ambition and was already planning the formation of a library, an indulgent father presented him with the bulk of the family books, some 1,800 in number, and forming "three naked cartloads," to use Mr. Gibson's curious phrase. It is on this basis that he writes his pæan of book-love. We record so much merely because, under ordinary circumstances, we know nothing more calculated to fill the mind of a book-lover with terror than the gift of the family collection of books, even if no more than one "naked cartload" represented their bulk. We know one literary man who, like Mr. Gibson, has set up his tabernacle in the country, and surrounded himself with books, of which, indeed, many portly folios invade the hall. It falls, however, to his guests, immediately on their arrival, to be taken aside and admonished that they are on no account to base their notions of his literary taste on the books they see around them. The reason given is Mr. Gibson's, and the guest is left to understand that the "naked cartloads" will one day reverse the process which has brought that gentleman so much satisfaction.

It was stated in the ACADEMY of April 26 that a reproduction of the cottage at Alloway in which the Scottish national poet was born was to be a feature of the St. Louis World's Exposition. It has just been decided by the Burns' Cottage Association of America that a replica of the "auld clay biggin'" will require the aid of a statelier monument of Scottish history properly to equip the Scottish corner of the World's Fair at St. Louis. The needed addition is to be a replica of Stirling Castle.

THEY never lose sight of popular novelists in America. When printers cease from troubling and publishers are as much at rest they ever are in this vale of hustle, American readers are punctiliously informed of the movements and next literary intentions of the writers they love or are requested to love. In the *New York American and Journal* we collect some breathless news of these good people. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, it seems, is spending the Summer at his cottage at Tenants Harbor, Me. His new book, *A Sea Turn and Other Matters*, will be out in the Fall. Arthur Butler Hulbert, author of *The Queen of Quelparte*, which will be published in September, is

bicycling abroad with his wife. Mary Johnston, "whose *Audrey* is having such a phenomenal sale," is spending the Summer at her home in Virginia at work on another book. Margaret Deland, author of *Old Chester Tales*, is at her Summer home in Kennebecport, Me., busily engaged on a series called *Twentieth Century Talks to Women*. Onoto Watanna, author of *A Japanese Nightingale*, "soon to be dramatized on a more magnificent scale than *Ben Hur*," is in Oil City, Pa., where she is preparing further material for a Japanese story.

THE *Independent* prints some interesting letters, hitherto unpublished, of James Anthony Froude. They were addressed to the late General Gustave Cluseret, and are in the manuscript collection of Mr. Theodore Stanton, of Paris. From four of these letters we take some pithy passages, merely premising that the context must be guessed by the reader:—

Ramsgate, Sept. 18, 1872: The most stable Republics have been those in which the executive is vigorous while it lasts, but is liable to be called frequently to a strict and severe account for the use of its powers. In modern England our leading statesmen have little power, and therefore little or no responsibility. In old England they had great powers, but were liable to have their heads cut off if they abused it.

London, Sept. 11, 1872: I have little connection with so-called Radical politicians in England. They represent at bottom the interests merely of money-makers. They do not, and they never have, cared heartily for the people. Their symbol of faith is "Political Economy," and Political Economy means that the "weakest may go to the wall." Political adventurers make themselves a name as patriots and declaim on the people's wrongs.

London, July 3, 1872.—I think you do not understand England. Authority is childishly weak among us because Ministers are afraid of Parliament, and members of Parliament are afraid of the votes of their constituents. The people can get all they ought to have, and a great deal more, by agitating for it. The peaceful revolution is in full progress, but if there was an appeal to force, such as you contemplate as having been possible at the time of the Trafalgar Square meeting, it would be crushed with a violence of which you have no idea. I am happy to think that there is no occasion for a violent revolution in England. The storm is already on the side of the hill, and is moving so fast that nothing can stop it. There can be no revolution because there is no political resistance.

London, October 25, 1873.—For myself, as I told you, I despair of any good coming from the "people" in this country. The wider we make the suffrage, the more entirely Parliament becomes filled with merely rich men. I prefer the aristocracy to the plutocrats. There will probably be a change of administration in the spring, and tho' I cannot, of course, do more than express my opinion, I should think (so far, at least, as your coming to England is concerned) that Mr. Disraeli would be more likely to consent to it than Mr. Gladstone.

By the way, Mr. Stanton, who represents the *New York Critic*, disposes, in the latter magazine, of the claim recently made by M. Hugues Le Roux to be the author of Alphonse Daudet's short story *La Belle Nivernaise*. It will be remembered that a short time ago we stated on the authority of an American paper that M. Le Roux had told his Chicago students that, while acting as Daudet's secretary, he had himself written this story. Mr. Stanton now tells us that at the ceremony of the unveiling of the striking statue of the author of *Sapho* in the Champs Elysées he found an opportunity to mention the matter to M. Léon Daudet, who thereupon made the following precise statement: "In the first place, M. Hugues Le Roux was never my father's secretary. For thirty years his only secretary was M. Jules Ebner, who died last year. It is quite true that my father, in order to oblige M. Hugues Le Roux, dictated to him a copy of *La Belle*

*Nivernaise*, of which the plan, the characters, and the scenes had long been in Alphonse Daudet's head. It is possible that M. Hugues Le Roux may have modified some phrases in the manuscript dictated to him by my father, but that was the limit of what cannot in any way be called a collaboration. This claim once brought down upon M. Hugues Le Roux a stern rebuke from my father. The former then admitted that there was no truth in the assertion, and, in the presence of witnesses, offered as an excuse an intemperance of language. I trust, in the interest of M. Hugues Le Roux himself, that his language has again been misreported." Mr. Stanton, anxious to put the matter beyond further controversy, requested M. Daudet to put his statement into writing, which he did, and the foregoing text is Mr. Stanton's translation of that document.

C. K. S. of the *Sphere*, who was ever a mighty literary pilgrim before the Lord, describes a pleasant week-end he has spent at Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk coast, among memories and relics of George Crabbe. In the churchyard, C. K. S. reminds us, there are the graves of the poet's father and mother; in the church a bust of Crabbe and sundry entries of his birth and evidence of his officiating as a curate at Aldeburgh. But the house in which he was born has departed. It was a modest cottage, and an old sea captain of the place remembered it well as it stood fifty years ago, not a stone's throw from the picturesque Moot Hall. A large draper's shop flourishes on the spot. At Slaughden, where Crabbe's father had his office for looking after the salt dues, time has played even more havoc. The salt-house has gone and most of the houses of Slaughden, but there still stands an old inn, the "Three Mariners," which must have stood long years before Crabbe was born, and here we have a veritable Crabbe refic, for the poet in his early years rolled many a cask of salt down to the quay, which is as picturesque and primitive to-day as when the poet knew it. To-day Aldeburgh is the home of Mr. Edward Clodd, and, in consequence, the resort of not a few men of letters and of science.

APROPOS of our recent comment upon Prof. Mark H. Liddell's extraordinary *Introduction to the Study of English Scientific Poetry*, Mr. Punch prints a set of verses called "Science and Art." Here are some of them:—

Ah, what is Poetry? You ask.  
A thousand criticsasters try  
The all-unprofitable task,  
And of their ignorance reply.  
She is a Maid, say some, who sips  
The waters of the sacred well,  
And whom she favours, from his lips  
Shall sweetest numbers rise and swell.  
Or she is Love—the wondrous light  
That shines in lovers' hearts and shows  
A world all magically bright,  
A universe *couleur de rose*.  
Or she is Genius—the art  
To know what Truth and Justice be;  
The thinking mind, the feeling heart,  
The ear to hear, the eye to see.  
Let Science be our guide to-day,  
To Rhetoric's effusion deaf.  
You ask, what's Poetry? I say  
It's  $x + HI + VF$ .

We have often pondered on the psychology of the composing room, but have never been able to understand the workings of a compositor's mind when he is confronted with difficult manuscript. That he deserves great sympathy in that situation we allow, but we are puzzled by his manner of meeting difficulties. A word is illegible: he

cannot reproduce illegibility in type, as most of us reproduce on an envelope a badly written address. To set up gibberish is beneath him. What he actually does is to plunge at a real word, and it is in contemplating his selection of real words that psychology faints into the arms of mirth. The odd thing is that the wilder he becomes the less dangerous he is to the paper on which he is engaged in the event of his mistakes passing the printer's reader. It is the thinking compositor who is most to be dreaded; for he will select a word which makes good sense, while it entirely distorts or belies the author's meaning. Moreover he will very probably select a word which no one but the author can correct. Last week, in our article entitled "Hookway's," the thinking compositor set up "FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam* in severe bindings." Only the author was able to alter "severe" to "seven." To realise what the thinking compositor is capable of, one must intercept his work before it reaches the printer's reader, though the opportunities for study after that event are, as we know to our cost, by no means contemptible. From a list of "Errors on the Wing" supplied to us by a capable printer's reader, we take the following examples of the thinking compositor's handiwork:—

a steady (study of) temperament;  
amazed (annoyed) nine reviewers out of ten;  
the liability (liberality) of thought;  
like Quixote, lifts a hand (tilts a lance);  
they were all well drawn, especially the fitter and another (father and mother);  
in a state of perplexed (perpetual) high spirits;  
he was beginning to obscure (observe);  
but the mystery skated (stretched) out;  
at whose wedding in Cumberland it is mutual (unusual) for the parents to be present;  
for love of thee I ask alms (act thus);  
the Moors believe in aliens (alms);  
among the authors (Fathers) of the fourth century;  
this is the whole story of Grim Mayes (Simon Magnus);  
destroyed the altars in any striking moment (manner);  
the final solution of the subject has been grand (good);  
comes of fine German (yeoman) stock;  
so rare (sane) a view;  
enlargement (entanglement);  
room for the last (at least) twenty;  
the invoices (ivories);  
inveterate fidelity (frivolity);  
the ship is to be contemplated (completed);  
genial (cynical) old neighbours;  
misleading articles (initials);  
meeting (mutiny) of our Soudanese mercenaries;  
preposterous remains (romances) of Madeleine;  
sketching (selecting) photographs;  
many of the poorer (fairer) half of the audience;  
his own nervous face (force);  
sunburny (umbery) gold;  
antiseptic (antipætic);  
scientific (scriptural) sentiment;  
puissant (pinioned);  
upholds this idea (explodes the idea);  
time of least assistance (line of least resistance).

This list could be extended indefinitely; it may serve, however, as an indication of the pitfalls which lie before printers' readers, sub-editors, and editors—pitfalls which result sometimes in unbecoming falls on which readers look with inhuman glee. That we could forgive; it is their postcards that hurt.

If we now turn—this being the silly season—to the exploits of the compositor who does not think, or thinks on an elusive plane, we obtain such harmless insanities as these:—

the political cave of William (Adullam);  
that woman should out—Zola, Zola (out-Zola Zola);  
devoid of certain mesmerisms (mannerisms);  
society (deity);  
students of occultation (occultism);  
dydastic (dogmatic);



And some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptics (sceptres) carry.  
On his bed of straw reclining,  
Half despairing, half perspiring (repining).

Sometimes a compositor inserts a word which has all the appearance of a technical phrase beyond one's ken. For example :—

done in fuses (frescoes) on the walls.

Here an over-driven or too confiding sub-editor may pass "fuses" on the "suppose he knows" principle. Then there is the demoniac compositor—the really abandoned man—who re-writes your article, and does not do it half badly. He set up recently—

characters half natural and half sham,

when we had only written—

characters half natural and half Shaw.

He it was who brilliantly set up—

sinned against the caucus of literary style,

when we had written "canons," and who mercifully translated "literary theft" into "literary thrift."

MR. KIPLING, according to the *New York Sun*, recently told an American friend that he hadn't "in years" enjoyed anything so much as he had enjoyed making the illustrations for his *Just So Stories*. "The public is so used to taking you seriously that it doesn't understand when you turn aside to children's stories," said the friend. "Turn aside!" echoed Kipling. "Why, man, I'd be tickled half to death if I could write well enough to really interest little children. That would be a big thing—a wonderfully big thing."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Westminster Gazette* has sent to that journal the following account of what he calls "An Uncommon Event":—

Not long since, a man and his dog were walking along a footpath on a common in the Parish of West-Wycombe. The dog seeing a Stote in the path ventured to seize it, but the Stote managed to escape the dog by climbing an oak tree which stood close by. This is a very unusual thing for a Stote to do, as they belong to the ground species. After climbing the tree it endeavored to conceal itself by trying to creep into a hole in one of the branches. It succeeded in getting its head into the hole, but being so exhausted through its precipitous effort, its hind legs slipped from off the branch rendering it quite helpless and unable to get its body into the hole. Eventually it died. To this day it's Carcase can be seen hanging suspended from the hole of the tree.

This "precipitous effort" is almost worthy of Uncle Remus, and it is delightfully free from any sort of moral.

## Bibliographical.

MR. F. G. KITTON, whose new *Life of Charles Dickens* is now in the hands of the reviewers, has been known for some few years back as an enthusiast on the subject. I fancy he began with *Dickensiana*, a bibliography of Dickens, published in 1886. In 1890, I believe, he published a facsimile of the MS. of *The Christmas Carol*. This was followed, in 1897 and 1900 respectively, by two contributions to "The Book-Lover's Library"—*The Novels of Charles Dickens* and *The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens*, in which the story of each of Dickens's several publications was told with some fulness. In 1901 came his reprint of Mrs. Seymour's *Account of the Origin of "The Pickwick Papers."* Of late he has been employed in annotating the successive volumes of the "Rochester" edition of the Master's Works. Now comes this more or less elaborate

*Life*, which follows the monograph by Messrs. Marzials and Merivale at a distance of some fifteen years. During that period we have had Langton's *Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens* (1891-2), Dickens's *Letters to Wilkie Collins* (1892), Miss Dickens's *My Father as I Recall Him* (1896), and George Dolby's *Dickens as I Knew Him* (1900). We have also had from Messrs. Macmillan the reprints of works by Dickens to which his son Charles (unhappily deceased) contributed biographical and bibliographical introductions. This is my favourite edition, and I hope Charles Dickens the younger left behind him the requisite introductions for the volumes not yet out of copyright. There could not, surely, be a better authority than he on the inception and evolution of his father's books.

Talking of "The Book-Lover's Library," I am glad to see that it is to be re-issued at a cheaper price. On the whole, it has been edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley with good judgment. Personally I should have ruled out such volumes as *The Literature of Local Institutions*, by Mr. Gomme; *Foreign Visitors in England*, by Mr. Edward Smith; *The Book of Noodles*, by Mr. Clouston; and, most certainly, *Newspaper Reporting*, by Mr. Pendleton, which surely can have no interest for the book-lover. On the other hand, one welcomed Mr. Hazlitt's *Old Cookery Books*, *Old Garden Literature*, and *Jocular Literature*, Mr. Farrer's *Books Condemned to be Burnt*, Mr. Ditchfield's *Books that have been Fatal to their Authors*, Mr. White's *Book-Song*, Mr. Roberts's *Book-Verse*, Mr. Matthew's *Literature of Music*, Mr. Lawler's *Book Auctions*, the two books by Blades, and, especially, Mr. Wheatley's own contributions to the series—*How to Form a Library*, *How to Catalogue a Library*, *The Dedication of Books*, *Literary Blunders*, and *How to Make an Index*. The series, in its cheaper form, should find a new public.

A contemporary has been expressing a desire for "a definitive edition" of the works of J. S. Mill. It would no doubt be welcome to many, though it could not look for a large popularity. It is the fate of philosophers that the world absorbs their ideas and then refuses to read their books. Meanwhile, Mill's most notable and useful works are issued at non-prohibitory prices. There is an eighteen-penny reprint of his *Liberty* and a two-shilling edition of his *Principles of Political Economy*; his *Utilitarianism* is to be purchased for half-a-crown, and his *Logic* and his *Comte and Positivism* are to be obtained for three-and-sixpence. His *Subjection of Women* still costs six shillings, and his *Nature, the Utility of Religion and Theism*, five shillings; but if the editions I have named above are still in print, it cannot be said that Mill is beyond the reach of the ordinary middle-class purse. This, of course, is apart from the desirability or non-desirability of "a definitive edition" of his works, which is a matter for his publishers to ponder over.

In one of my paragraphs last week there figured a reference to "James V. of Scotland." This was merely a misprint for "James I. of Scotland," an error which Mr. Andrew Lang has taken the trouble to point out. Apparently it really is of James V., and not of James I., that Mr. Barr is to discourse in his new book. I had evidently misread the paragraph in which that book was announced.

The late Mr. Alexander Michie is best known, no doubt, through his most recent work, *The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era, as illustrated in the Career of Sir Rutherford Alcock*. This was preceded, in 1900, by his *China and Christianity*. In 1901 he had published a volume on *Missionaries in China*. His first work appeared so long ago as 1864, under the title of *The Siberian Overland Route from Peking to Petersburg, through the Deserts and Steppes of Mongolia, Tartary, &c.*

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## National Energy.

*The American Invaders.* By F. A. McKenzie. (Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE warfare of nations, be it industrial or the mere military chess game, is so melodramatic in any view of its panorama, that those authors who treat of it seldom escape writing melodrama.

Mr. McKenzie, although his book is well-composed, grave and unbiassed, has not escaped. Melodrama is inherent in the present affair of England and America. When, in your *villegiatura*, you see the Anglo-American Oil Company's four hundred gallon waggon dash down the country lane, and you remember that you must either light your cottage with candles or pay the price that Mr. Rockefeller thinks proper, that is melodrama, crude, gripping, convincing. It is an adamant fact; nevertheless it gives an idea more flamboyant and terrifying than all the facts warrant. You are aware of this and yet you cannot lessen on yourself the moral influence of that idea.

It is somewhat the same with Mr. McKenzie's book. When Mr. McKenzie writes: "Morgan fights Yerkes for the right to build our tubes. American capital is transforming our dirty and suffocating 'undergrounds' to the brightness and cleanness of electricity. The theatrical trust has its grip over many of our theatres and over a number of our best actors. . . . The Beef Trust of Chicago regulates the prices and supplies of our meat, and grain dealers in the same city control the price of our bread. Our aristocracy marry American wives, and their coachmen are giving place to American-trained drivers of American-built automobiles. American novels are filling our library shelves, and American schemes of book distribution are revolutionising our old ways. Parcels delivery carts may soon give place to a gigantic American pneumatic tube service, now in process of organisation. Whole districts in the centre of London are passing into the hands of American landlords. Our chemists' shops are full of Transatlantic drugs. Our bootmakers devote their windows to the finest manufactures from Boston, while our leading shopkeepers go across the Atlantic to learn the art of window dressing. For months at a time the stars and stripes float from many of the largest buildings of Trafalgar Square . . . ." And so on down to—"Our babies are fed on American foods and our dead buried in American coffins"—When Mr. McKenzie writes thus (beautifully adding, "It only remains for them to take coals to Newcastle"), we are inclined to cry out: "Yes, yes, we know all that. And it is true, and at the same time it is wickedly false." And we will do Mr. McKenzie the justice to admit that he, too, obviously feels that his indisputable facts throw shadows of implication that are grotesque and absurd in their bugaboo. He constantly endeavours to remain calm and sweetly reasonable amid all this melodrama, and in the main he succeeds, but not always.

He deals, in a vein of simple but often astounding narrative, with American manipulation of matches, iron, steel, boots, tobacco, coal, railways, brakes, printing, and book-publishing in this country. Speaking broadly, we should say that he has gathered his information in a commendable spirit of thoroughness and accuracy, and that his inferences are not too far-fetched. But that his statements are not entirely unassailable may be seen from an examination of almost any chapter. We will take the chapter entitled "Books and Publishing."

He says that the American novel "has obtained a commercial success in America which the highest work of English writers has failed to command." What sense is

there in such a remark? He might just as well say that the English novel has obtained a commercial success in England which the highest work of English writers has failed to command. "For instance," he continues, "a book like *The Crisis* sells in the United States three or four copies for every one of a masterpiece by Kipling." Mr. McKenzie should have known that reputation may exist apart from vast circulation. Even in England there are a dozen novelists whose sales exceed those of Mr. Kipling. Miss Corelli will touch 160,000; and Miss Fowler has lost the first fine careless rapture of 100,000; but we fancy that no six shilling book of Mr. Kipling has reached 70,000 in England, if so much. Moreover, the population of the United States is about twice that of Britain, and therefore a sale of 160,000 here bespeaks as much commercial activity as a sale of 320,000 in America. Only two novels have exceeded 320,000 in America. Further, some of the greatest of all American successes are English books, e.g.—*An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, *The Christian*, and *The Eternal City*. Mr. McKenzie says nothing about *Trilby*, which caused a sensation, and led to a profit, probably unique in modern publishing. Again, the American books successful in America do not conspicuously succeed in England. The sole genuine exception to this rule is the works of Mr. Ralph Connor, author of *Black Rock*, *The Sky Pilot*, and *The Man from Glengarry*, whose English publishers find themselves able to state the number of thousands and not the number of "editions" which they have disposed of. It appears to us, therefore, that the extraordinary booming of *David Harum* and *Richard Carvel* in America does not immediately bear on the American invasion of the English publishing world. Mr. McKenzie is apt to overstate minor facts. He says that until the American backers of *The Times* showed Messrs. A. & C. Black how to sell the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that colossus "could be obtained from any ordinary booksellers at about half its nominal price, and it is doubtful if a couple of dozen copies were sold in a year." This is ridiculous.

We do not wish to lay too much stress on our animadversions. But, while readily granting that Mr. McKenzie has tried not to compile a "scare-book," we cannot too strongly insist on the most meticulous sobriety of statement and inference in works such as *The American Invaders*.

Mr. McKenzie's principal thesis is of course unanswerable; indeed it is a platitude, a *cliché*, a cry of which the man in the street is already heartily sick. Mr. McKenzie very ably emphasises the advantages to Britain of the American invasion, and he allows it to be seen (what the halfpenny and other dailies frequently conceal) that the Englishman does not precisely permit the American to put his hand into the Anglo-Saxon pocket and walk off with gold sovereigns. Even an American cannot have his cake and eat it.

But the radiating centre of power is beyond doubt crossing the Atlantic, if it has not already reached New York. "Can we meet America?" asks Mr. McKenzie in one chapter. He implies that we can, "If—" But what an If, an If that would upset the fundamental laws of national progress deducible from the history of ten thousand years! On p. 22 Mr. McKenzie exposes the whole secret. The American, he says, "works harder and works longer than his average English competitor." Why? Because there is such an entity as national energy, and because that entity waxes and wanes. The terrible disease, delicately adumbrated by the Spaniards in the word *Manana*, always overtakes it sooner or later.

England will probably be England for some considerably extensive period yet; but the radical laws of existence are not going to be suspended on her account.

## Philosophy at Oxford.

*Personal Idealism: Philosophical Essays by Eight Members of the University of Oxford.* Edited by Henry Sturt. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

THIS volume is a remarkable and an interesting one not more from its contents than from the mere fact of its appearance. Oxford, the English mother of philosophy, has been strangely inarticulate upon her own subject. Of theology she has spoken aloud. In those roaring forties of the last century she sent a blast over the quiet waters which raised a storm that is not set. Half a century later Dr. Gore, with his associates and his *Lux Mundi*, lit a candle which dazzled the eyes of the clerical world. Theological Oxford has never been reticent, and the production of the latest Biblical Encyclopedia is the last word in modern Biblical criticism. But the Oxford philosophers have said little, and the silence is curious. Year by year the pick of the undergraduates read for "Greats," and the central and crucial point of that school is philosophy. Year by year the cream of the first class is taken off and distributed—in the shape of Fellows and Tutors—among the colleges. Oxford is no longer isolated from the outside world; the railways, Mr. Thomas Cook, and an impulse of enquiry from within have combined to bring Oxford into contact with the outside world. The average don is no longer a man of leisure tempered with port; if he has established a claim to lecture in philosophy, he has probably spent some time in the German Universities and is conversant with the best that has been thought and written on the Continent. Oxford contains many men of wide and acute intellect who somewhat unfairly, we think, have given the skim-milk of their thoughts to their lecture-classes and kept their deeper speculations to themselves, or merely hinted of them to chosen colleagues over the midnight pipe. Only here and there in the course of years is an articulate voice heard beyond the limits of the Vice-Chancellor's authority. Thomas Hill Green, Evelyn Abbott—one could count on the fingers of one hand the Oxford philosophers who have written and sent abroad their thoughts. Much less has any Oxford school of philosophy made itself known in the world of speculation.

Is there any assignable reason for this reticence? It will seem at first very mysterious to those who know the speculative fearlessness of modern Oxford. But even though he be a philosopher, a man is a man for all that. And the reason we seek is, we think, a very human one. For the present writer came across a hint of it in the answer to a question he put to a well-known Fellow and Tutor. Why, it was asked, do not some of you men sit down and do some permanent work? Every Privat-docent in a German university makes it a point of honour to set out his conception of logic, psychology, metaphysics in book form. Is it mere laziness that keeps you silent? Are you hypnotised by the quiet, the charm of the place? For the conversation was held on the immemorial grass of a shadowy quad. "It is just the other way," came the reply. "We are too wide awake—to each other. We are all watching each other, and all afraid of each other." There we think is the secret. Oxford, though no longer isolated, remains a small place in which every man knows his fellow. And just as in a small provincial town one fears the unkind criticism of one's neighbours, so in Oxford the individual thinker, though willing to converse, is afraid to set up a permanent mark at which the rest may take intellectual cockshies.

But where one may fear, eight may march boldly; and Mr. Sturt of Queen's has gathered seven others like unto himself, and induced them—solely upon their own responsibility—to unite in a purely personal expression of the attitude of modern Oxford to the problems that lie beneath the surface of life. The banner under which he enlists them is well designed—*Personal Idealism*—for it expresses the tendency which has run through several years of

Oxford speculation and has had its obscure influence upon all manner of unsuspected folk. Incidentally the title denotes the attempt of eight thinkers to define, from the personal basis, their attitude as thinkers to reality. What do we know, and how do we know it? These are the two questions which confront every man who turns his eyes into his own consciousness. Mr. F. S. C. Schiller sets out very clearly the basis from which all discussion must start:—

It was not without difficulty that I seemed to discover two fundamental points of initial agreement which would, I think, be admitted by nearly all who have any understanding of the terms employed in philosophical discussion. The first of these is that the whole world in which we live is experience, and built up out of nothing else than experience. The second is that experience, nevertheless, does not, alone and by itself, constitute reality, but, to construct a world, needs certain assumptions, connecting principles, or fundamental truths, in order that it may organise its crude material and transmute itself into palatable, manageable and livable forms.

Everybody now probably agrees that the world is made up of our sensations plus our way of dealing with them, for the *tabula rasa* to which Locke compared the mind could obviously receive only the impressions it was prepared to receive. But who are *we*? It is in the answer to that question that the significance of this volume lies. Its assumption is that the attitude of the thinker to reality is a personal one. The editor's preface strikes the note. Of Personality, he says—

What makes its vindication the more urgent is that attacks have come from two different sides. One adversary tells each of us: "You are a transitory resultant of physical processes"; and the other: "You are an unreal appearance of the Absolute." Naturalism and absolutism, antagonistic as they seem to be, combine in assuring us that personality is an illusion.

Oxford has fought against Naturalism consistently and fiercely, seeing the utter inadequacy of the "outside world" to explain thought. On the other hand, the vagueness of the Absolute has produced a reaction from Hegel. The present attitude, which is halfway between despair and hope, puts aside the assumption that universal agreement may be reached in questions of metaphysics. They are not like the axioms of geometry. The divergencies of thinkers, when once they have left the basis indicated, seem to show that "in our final attitude towards life our *whole personality* must be concerned, and tend to form the decisive factor in the adoption of a metaphysic." So that philosophy, instead of being an exact science, is rather, like religion, related only to the personality of the thinker, who may dine with his opponents without feeling or incurring contempt. In welcoming this expression of Oxford thought we regret only to note the absence of a written word from the acutest of Oxford thinkers, Prof. John Cook Wilson. His name, so far as we have seen, occurs only in a footnote.

## Promise.

*Poems.* By William Vaughn Moody. (Gay & Bird. 5s. net.)

THIS is an American book, published in America by Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin; but whether "Vaughn" be an American spelling of our English name, or a specimen of the American printer at his own sweet will, this reviewer saith not. We love not modern American verse, which is for the most part very respectable magazine-stuff, and no more. There are exceptions, of course; and the present volume is very unexpectedly and pleasurably an exception. It comes to us, for a wonder, without any testimonials from this American paper or that American critic, certifying the author to be one of the most remarkable products of genius in the States. Perhaps that is why it proves to deserve honest, discriminating praise. It has more fundamental poetry in it than anything we have seen for some time. Mr. Moody's qualities make for strength rather than beauty; and like many young



writers, in his lust for vivid and original expression he is given to violence and over-emphasis: there is a lack of repose, he can never be quiet and let a thing just say itself. This extends to, perhaps is conditioned by, the substance itself: he is turbulent and extreme in mood, and fond of seeking effect by rather glaring contrast and the like. But the root of the matter is in him. Moreover, he does not Whitmanise on the one hand, or follow the outworn Tennysonian convention on the other, as is the way of many of his countrymen: he does not seek barbaric vigour by any of the unliterary and vulgar methods which another class of American versifiers adopt. He has evidently studied the classic and earlier masters of English poetry, as few nowadays do, especially in America. And the result is poetry, whatever its shortcomings. He has imagination, the one quality which in poetry covers a multitude of sins, and which so very few "minor" poets nowadays possess. Sometimes, where he treats what we might call an external (as apart from a subjective) theme, he attains also much restraint and dignity; and then he is very good. A notable example of this is "An Ode in Time of Hesitation." It is a poem on the war in the Philippines, or rather a protest against the occupation of those islands. With its political views we are not concerned. But the great principles which he supposes (rightly or not) to be threatened by American action there are set forth with a fervour, a loftiness, an elevation of idea and diction which make it remarkable first work for a young poet (as we take Mr. Moody to be). It is written after seeing at Boston the statue of Robert Gould Shaw, who was killed at the head of the first enlisted negro regiment, while he was storming with them Fort Wagner in July, 1863. To this incident the following fine passage refers:—

Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed,

They swept, and died like freemen on the height,  
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;  
And when the battle fell away at night  
By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrown  
Obscurely in a common grave with him  
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.  
Now limb doth mingle with dissolved limb  
In nature's busy old democracy  
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows  
Sweet by the southern sea,  
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose.

But neither this poem nor "The Quarry," on the kindred theme of the Chinese war, can be sampled by extracts. They are wholes, and must be read whole. One might quote from "Jetsam" such lines as—

I whom the Spring had strained into her breast,  
Whose lips had felt the wet vague lips of dawn.

Or again:—

Once at a simple turning of the way  
I met God walking; and . . . the dawn  
Was large behind Him, and the morning stars  
Circled and sang about His face as birds  
About the fieldward morning cottager.

But Mr. Moody is no poet of extracts and fine "bits." He has a pulse of emotion and imagination, that is his strength; and though there is here little complete accomplishment, there is so much of promise that we shall look to his future work with a hope Transatlantic poets do not usually inspire in us.

### The Peripatetic Parson.

*Tramps of "The Walking Parson."* By the Rev. A. N. Cooper, M.A. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s.)

"THE WALKING PARSON" is a nickname fairly earned by the Vicar of Filey; for never, surely, was so peripatetic a parson since the open road and the peas in the shoes were exchanged by pilgrims for the first-class railway carriage through to Rome. And this interesting record, written,

it must be confessed, in somewhat pedestrian prose, is the story of some of the Vicar's walks—across Ireland, from Filey to Rome, and so on—and notes of what happened by the way, the companions he picked up on the road, the peeps into the more intimate life of remote peasants such as one may gain by seeking a meal in dumb show or with the assistance of a dozen or so of known words. Indeed, it was the desire of seeing things that set Mr. Cooper's longing towards his most notable walk, the walk through Europe to Rome. And the first suggestion came from Ruskin's memorable passage in the *Stones of Venice* in which he regrets the olden days of travelling when a journey meant toil, but rewarded the traveller with a "deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay." And partly because he could not afford the comforts of modern travel, more particularly because he wanted to see that which the modern traveller misses, Mr. Cooper decided to go to Rome in the old way, putting money in his purse—£30, to be precise—and taking, not two coats, but two shirts and two pairs of socks.

Of course it is not given to everyone to walk thirty miles a day—and sometimes more—for a week or two on end. But Mr. Cooper was a walker from his youth upwards, first from motives of economy and then because he liked the exercise and found it kept him in absolute health. Filey is a long parish, and the most prolific mother lived at the further end of it, giving Mr. Cooper an eight-mile walk for each christening, since the babies were all expected to die at once. Moreover, a similar walk had to be taken every time he wanted to borrow a book.

But the Vicar did not start for Rome until he had tested himself in a walk to London; and when he found that he could cover the distance within the week without missing a Sunday service at Filey he thought himself justified in taking ship to Rotterdam and facing the pilgrim's road. He enjoyed himself hugely, picking up all manner of odd acquaintances by the way, and finding himself occasionally quite famous with people who read the newspapers—for these things *do* get into the papers: You cannot help liking the Vicar as you read his book; his open eye, his geniality, his willingness to look for the good in everything, his optimism, and his own enjoyment of sunshine and disregard of rain are most engaging. After all the weather and the meals are not the least important items in the pilgrim's diary, and the record of the parson's tramp leans naturally rather to the physical than the spiritual side. But when it comes to the question of converts, one may doubt if many would treat the inevitable discomforts so lightly. If the vicar was wet through—as he was once for three days in succession—he found a fire and dried himself in sections, and if the socks were obstinate he slept on them. This is splendid, but it is not what the average man calls comfort.

We envy Mr. Cooper the splendid physique that carried him through, and the cheerful courage with which he shaved a face from which the sun had plucked the skin. But while his experiences were often delightful, we confess to a longing at about seven in the evening for a change of clothes in which to appear at the *table d'hôte*, and that is beyond the reach of the old-fashioned pilgrim.

### The Cricket Classic.

*The Young Cricketer's Tutor.* By John Nyren. Edited by F. S. Ashley-Cooper: "The Sportsman's Classics" series. (Gay and Bird.)

THE editing of Nyren's glowing pages in this little reprint, raises once again the question whether a work that survives almost wholly by its literary quality should be prepared for the press by an expert upon its subject, instead of by an amateur with gusto. Our own feeling is that a coalition of the twain were the perfect way.

The history of cricket is, of course, interesting, and Mr. Ashley-Cooper, the present editor, knows all that there is to



be known of it; but interest in the history of the game and appreciation of Nyren's superb manner rarely are found in the same person. They are not found in Mr. Ashley-Cooper. Nyren's contributions to history would, howsoever his book were written, have kept it alive and valuable; but it is only his style that has brought about the present and other reprints. Hence his style, his character, should have much attention. Mr. Ashley-Cooper, however, beyond the words vivid, enthusiastic, and charming, has nothing to say, devoting himself to the more congenial task of putting the old man right on various points, correcting his memory, and carrying the history of the players mentioned a few stages farther.

We are not blaming Mr. Ashley-Cooper, who is a cricket antiquary of the highest standing, and who has characteristically approached Nyren's book as a document needing annotation; we are merely expressing the regret that a large part of the work proper to an editor of Nyren has here been left undone. Not a word of his Homeric kindliness and simplicity, his transcendent gentlemanliness!

One instance of how Mr. Ashley-Cooper views this last gift may be given. Nyren, writing of the honour of the Hambledon players, says: "And when one (who shall be nameless) sold the birthright of his good name for a mess of pottage, he paid dearly for his bargain. It cost him the trouble of being a knave (no trifle!); the esteem of his old friends, and, what was worst of all, the respect of him who could have been his best friend—himself." If there is a noble passage in literature, that is one. An editor of Nyren who understood his author would, even at this advanced date, still reverence the old man's delicacy, still preserve his fragrant reticence. But no, Mr. Ashley-Cooper just gives the name of him who shall be nameless, and then adds this astounding sentence: "The proselytising Bacchus gained in him a neophyte, and he died worshipping at his shrine."

Apart from the absence of true sympathy with Nyren's character, and true knowledge of the reason of his greatness, Mr. Ashley-Cooper has done his work well and has made some useful notes. But he might have gone farther. He should, we hold, have printed entire Milford's review of the book in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It is a valuable essay, it is well written, it has some of Nyren's gusto, and it would make a perfect appendix to the book. Some day it will have to be reprinted. Newland's remarks on the game should also, we think, have been given as they were written, even at the cost of repetition.

But assuredly something more of Nyren's life should have been related. We want to know much more of the old man. Is there a stone to his memory at Bromley in Kent? Two daughters of his friend Novello, and sisters-in-law of Cowden Clarke, are still living; did Mr. Ashley-Cooper approach them? It is a pity that a higher standard were not before him. Every editor should aim at finality.

## Other New Books.

*The Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By John Gibson Lockhart. Edinburgh Edition, Vol. IV. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

THIS volume of a noble edition of Lockhart's great work contains some specially interesting portraits, all of which are produced with the best resources of photogravure. Facing page 192 is a photograph of Joseph's bust of Robert Stevenson, grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson. Family likeness is conspicuously absent. Lord Jeffrey's rather funereal and official face is opposite page 320, where it easily rivets attention. Archibald Constable, from the hands of Raeburn, and looking very unlike a publisher, is the subject of the frontispiece. Among other illustrations we have a view of Melrose by Turner, reproduced from the

painting in the National Gallery of Scotland. "Magnificent drawing of distant ruins" was a phrase in Ruskin's description of this picture in *Modern Painters*.

It is into this volume that the story of the writing and publication of *Waverley* falls, a story which can never lose its interest. Just now, for example, it is curious to remember that between the finishing of the first volume and the beginning of the second, there was a pause of some months, during which Constable, who had bought the copyright of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, employed Scott to write articles on Chivalry and the Drama. For each of these Scott received £100. Among Scott's scattered observations on *Waverley*, all addressed to Mr. J. B. S. Morritt, M.P., these will always be worth quoting:—

I had written great part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the MS., and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks.

I shall not own *Waverley*; my chief reason is, that it would prevent me of the pleasure of writing again. . . . The Edinburgh faith now is, that *Waverley* is written by Jeffrey, having been composed to lighten the tedium of his late transatlantic voyage. So you see the unknown infant is I like to come to preferment. In truth I am not sure that it would be considered quite decorous for me as a Clerk of Session to write novels. Judges being monks, Clerks are a sort of lay brethren, from whom some solemnity of walk and conduct may be expected. So, whatever I may do of this kind, "I shall whistle it down the wind, and let it prey at fortune."

One of the most amusing things that followed the publication of *Waverley* was the very honest bandying of compliments between Scott and Miss Edgeworth. To this lady Ballantyne sent a copy of *Waverley*, acknowledging on Scott's behalf that her dealings with Irish character had been his first inspiration. Ballantyne piles up the compliment by telling the lady that the Author of *Waverley* (still nameless to her) had often and often said to him: "If I could but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons . . ." and that he had sometimes replied, "Positively this is equal to Miss Edgeworth."

*Immigration of the Irish Quakers into Pennsylvania, 1682-1750, with their Early History in Ireland.* By Albert Cook Myers. (The Author, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. \$3.50 net.)

MR. MYERS has brought great skill and industry to the lighting up of a small corner in the religious history of England and America, and to the excavation of genealogical matter interesting to a large number of families. While the early immigrations of English and Welsh Quakers into Pennsylvania have found historians, the Irish inflow has received little attention, although it produced a statesman like James Logan. After outlining the early history of the Quakers in Ireland and describing their inducements to emigrate and the hard conditions under which they crossed the Atlantic, Mr. Myers describes their new homes and meeting-houses, and with the aid of original documents presents some very curious pictures of the new social life on which they entered. These Irish Quakers made good pioneers. Little accustomed to peace and comfort at home, they did not look for it at once in Penn's colony. On the other hand, they were less disciplined than their English brethren, and the records show that "marrying out by ye priest" was rather common among them, with consequent expulsion. It was found necessary, too, to admonish the rather volatile youths in riding to or from meetings to "refrain from Galloping and Riding after an airy flurting manner." Young men were compelled publicly to acknowledge their error in dancing, and in 1777 one Elizabeth Blackburn expressed to the Warrington Monthly Meeting her sorrow "for having Endeavoured to dance." Indulgence in strong

drink was not unknown among these exiles. To the same Monthly Meeting a Friend made the following statement: "I was overtaken with the effects of spirituous liquor in the harvest field, reaping for John Rankin in Red Land Valley [near Lewisberry, York County] last harvest. It was a hot day, I drank more than I should have to drive out the sweat to make me feel in better capacity to follow my work, but it produced the contrary effect, so that I was for a time light in the head and I talked foolish." The book is a mine of quaint information and family history, and members of the Quaker families of More, Marsh, McMillan, Pym, Lightfoot, Sheppard, Calvert, Chandlee, Garnett and many others are sure to find in it matter of personal interest.

*The Ancestor: A Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry and Antiquities.* No. 2. (Constable. 5s. net)

THIS, the second issue of the *Ancestor*, maintains the promise of the first, which is to say that it is learned and pugnacious, seasoned with surprises, and interesting to a larger public, perhaps, than its title would imply. That desire for truth, united often with a very human desire to exploit the inaccuracies of others, which characterises the conduct of the *Ancestor*, finds expression in such articles as "The Prescriptive Usage of Arms," and "The Emerald Ring of the Preston Family." In the former the author of *The Right to Bear Arms* (hardly recovered, one would suppose, from Sir George Sitwell's attack) is once more charged upon, and has brought against him no less an authority than Sir William Dugdale, "of all garters the most famous." As to the Preston family legend of the emerald ring which was given to Jacob Preston by Charles I. on the scaffold, Mr. Walter Rye demonstrates it to be legend indeed. The issue contains many articles of a non-contentious character, notably those on "The Knightleys of Fawsley," excellently illustrated with portraits, and "The Gentility of Richard Barker," an amusing side-light upon the social manners of the sixteenth century as well as a tribute to the commonsense of a Norfolk jury on a nice point of gentility. The reproductions of shields of arms from the tomb of Edmund of Langley, "a useful picture of heraldry at the transitional period when the vigour of fourteenth-century art was in the beginning of its splendid sunset," should also be mentioned.

The *Ancestor* is doing good work, and work which needed doing, but we find in it a certain cocksureness which sometimes jars and a manner not always quite consistent with good taste. The gods of yesterday are not the gods of to-day, so that it behoves the gods of to-day not to assume too rashly the mantle of infallibility. One of the *Ancestor's* contributors refers to Macaulay as "this imaginative historian (who could never have studied diaries, letters, or private accounts of the days he described)." We hold no brief for Macaulay, but this is obviously grossly unfair to a writer who certainly did not altogether lack diligence in research. The *Ancestor* would do well to keep its contributors a little more in hand.

*Brittany.* By S. Baring-Gould. "The Little Guides" Series. (Methuen. 3s.)

MR. BARING-GOULD says in his preface: "Brittany can hardly claim the attention of the tourist as a superlatively beautiful country. . . . The charm of Brittany is to be found in the people and in the churches." That is true, though hardly in so sweeping a sense as Mr. Baring-Gould's book suggests. There is much in Brittany of a curious and subtle beauty which it would be difficult to match elsewhere, a beauty quite apart from the churches. Of this Mr. Baring-Gould has little or nothing to say, so that the volume is practically little more than a guide to Brittany's ecclesiastical architecture and wonderful pre-

historic antiquities. From this strictly limited point of view the book is admirable, but more is required in a popular guide-book. We turn up Dinan, for instance, and read: "The most picturesque portion of the town is the Rue de Jerzual leading to the old port on the Rance, in which are many ancient houses. In some parts are houses with arcades." That is all we find of the domestic architecture of a place teeming with beautiful examples of domestic architecture. We need hardly say that in his rapid historical expositions and summaries Mr. Baring-Gould is all that could be desired. What we miss in the book are the homely elements, and suggestions which might put the traveller in the way of discovering those minor and characteristic beauties of which Brittany is full.

*Stratford-on-Avon and the Shakespeare Country.* By Harold Child. (Grant Richards. 2s. net.)

"THE New Guides" series, of which this is one, has the merit of extreme practicality. You are not only provided with a list of railway stations comprised in the district dealt with, but also with a synopsis of "General Information," which includes hotels and the prices charged by each. After all, it is such matter as this, quite as much as the topographical matter, which the ordinary tourist requires. And Mr. Child has done his work conscientiously and well. He gives all that we need to know about Stratford-on-Avon, ignoring certain valueless traditions and attaching to others no more importance than they deserve. Stratford's "chief industry," says Mr. Child, "is the entertainment of visitors." That is, unfortunately, almost too true. Hardly a place in the world has so flourished upon a name.

The volume includes such towns as Redditch, Rugby, Banbury, and Evesham, each of which receives just so much attention as the ordinarily intelligent tourist is likely to give to it, and it is precisely for such persons, no doubt, that this series is planned. The general map provided is clear and adequate, and there are two or three others in the text which pedestrians will find particularly useful. The volume concludes with a brief summary, historical and topographical, of the district described, and local geology and botany are touched upon. Altogether this is a quite admirable little guide.

## Fiction.

*The Forerunner.* By Dmitri Merejkowski. (Constable. 6s.)

THIS is the second book of the great trilogy designed by the author to expound his general scheme of "Christ and Antichrist." In reviewing the first volume of the trilogy, *The Death of the Gods*, we referred to the magnitude of the task and the noble ambition which inspired it. The magnitude and the ambition remain, perhaps in this volume the ambition is even more marked, but the result is neither so distinguished nor so fine. In the story of Julian the Apostate Merejkowski had a subject vast, indeed, but one comparatively simple in its outlines and having a certain inherent reticence; in this story he takes for his central figure Leonardo da Vinci, and crowds about that figure all the turmoil, questioning, aspiration, achievement and degradation of the Renaissance. The character of Leonardo is finely, and we think justly, conceived, but we are continually being withdrawn from the contemplation and development of that extraordinary personality to be shown kaleidoscopic pictures of the period only remotely, if indeed remotely, connected with the main theme. We have therefore rather a series of brilliant impressions than a study concrete, alive, compelling. We are continually constrained to wonder at the knowledge and audacity of the author rather than be dominated by his grasp of the very heart of his period.



It is this diffuseness that weakens, almost controls, the book. The subject is too big to be treated in detail; no single romance could present a time so packed with inconsistencies, a time which endured Pope Alexander VI. and saw his son Caesar Borgia at the summit of his power and in the misery of his fall, a time which bred such men as Savonarola and Leonardo, Michaelangelo and Raphael, Machiavelli and Benedetto. But this Merejkowski has tried to do, and the result, as a piece of art, is a brilliant failure. Only when the author is dealing with Leonardo are we quite satisfied; him he has presented with remarkable insight and understanding. We see in Leonardo the type of that universal mind to whom knowledge is the only good; "knowledge of a thing," he wrote, "engenders love of it; the more exact the knowledge, the more fervent the love." And Leonardo da Vinci was perhaps the most many-sided man who ever lived—mathematician, sculptor, engineer, painter—so far in advance of his time in thought and imagination that hardly anything, as it were, was ready to his hand; he had to construct the scaffolding as well as build. But we may ask whether Leonardo was truly that Man-god who, in his detachment, his passion for perfection, thought it possible to reconcile Dionysus and Christ, the old things and the new. And we may further ask whether the Russian title of the book, *The Resurrection of the Gods*, properly fits the Renaissance. Leonardo, after all, died reconciled to the Church, and the Renaissance, in so far as it seemed to revert to some of the worst features of a debased earlier worship, was hardly typical of the period. It appears to us that Merejkowski has rather fitted his theory to Leonardo than found it implicit in his subject. But the point of view is quite legitimate, and he has certainly worked it out with astonishing skill and energy.

The literary qualities of the book are admirable, yet it would be easy to overrate them. *The Forerunner* is one of those books which take the reader by assault; one feels the impulsion of a vivid personality at the back of it all. Hence, to some extent, the critical faculty is overcome. But when it emerges from that temporary spell it is able to perceive a certain stridency in Merejkowski's work, something of assumption, a lack of temperance. This is more apparent here than in the earlier book, and in the third we fear to find it even more marked, for the last volume of the trilogy is to deal with Peter the Great. There the author will be, as it were, on his own ground and in a scene more circumscribed. And when we come to Peter the Great we shall have to regard Merejkowski's symbolism with extreme caution.

*McGlusky.* By A. G. Hales. (Treherne. 3s. 6d.)

THE MCGLUSKY will share immortality with Sherlock Holmes and Captain Kettle; he has the same adventurous resource; he has strength which is simply barbaric, and his language combines the ruggedness of the Highland mountain-top with the purple of Billingsgate. That the author should write "the End" to this singular creation is unpardonable, and it will come as no surprise if McGlusky is continued in "a next." The hairy Scot-Australian figures incidentally in the Boer war; but in his spare moments he starts a new religion, provides kilts for naked beauty, tries cattle-lifting, sheep-shearing, remount work, mining; acts as plague officer and Press censor; in fact, as a roving blade, he accepts any billet that offers reasonable prospects of a fight to a finish. Really a most fascinating creature, and one leaves him compiling his memoirs with regret and suspicion. But apart from the war-like exploits of McGlusky there are adventures with the fair sex, very choice and very rare, and as gallant as a crocodile's wooing of a papoose. There is much dialect; which, however, is waived when the author has an axe of his own to grind, and wants to rub in a point without any ambiguity; opportunity is

found, as in all war correspondents' books, to satirise the War Office, the Press censor, and red tape generally. The author's style is vivid and virile, and has been described as athletic; but certainly nothing could be finer than the description of some of McGlusky's single-handed combats. New elements are introduced into these combats: it is the fighting of infuriated beasts. A book containing many a good yarn and many a good chuckle, and those who enjoy good yarns and good chuckles will read with enthusiasm this strange story of a religious ruffian.

*A Wilful Woman.* By G. B. Burgin. (Long. 6s.)

MR. BURGIN has written about "Old Man" before; in this book he tells us how "Old Man" came to marry Miss Wilks. The scene of the story is laid at Four Corners, in the Ottawa Valley, in the midst of that kind of society which Bret Harte made so familiar to us, a society in which revolvers and shot-guns frequently take the place of argument and small-talk. But Mr. Burgin does not convey the sense of reality which characterised most of Bret Harte's work, nor are we at all sure that he intended us to feel that sense. There are passages realistic enough in detail, but the spirit of them is either too farcical or too heroic to be taken quite seriously. To illustrate, we believe neither in "Miss Wilks" the mule, nor in the real Miss Wilks who, at the age of fourteen, came to Four Corners to fill the office of cook in the local gaol. The first is an animal conceived in a spirit of quaintly humorous farce, the second is a girl whose qualities and actions, although sometimes human, are more often calculated for the limelight of the frankest melodrama. We have the same feeling with regard to "Old Man" and his friend Ike, for whom he is ready to sacrifice so much. In a word, the characters have little or no psychology, though they revel in sentiment. But *A Wilful Woman* is an interesting book; all we have to do is to accept the characters at the author's valuation, as it were, and we find ourselves reading on with a certain zest. Mr. Burgin has a very decided ingenuity in the contriving of quaint situations, and "Miss Wilks" the mule is always at hand to provide comic relief. Indeed, "Miss Wilks" is an animal whom we shall remember with satisfaction long after we have forgotten the gaol cook.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE COURTSHIP OF SARAH.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

THE story opens at Red Rock, where the Pryde family, of which Sarah is the eldest, are sitting at breakfast. The father, a retired Nonconformist minister with a chemist's shop, had brought his children up on a system too "elaborately accurate": hence there were not altogether strange breakings away from that system. These are set forth with much shrewdness and sympathy. An interesting and well-conceived story. (Long. 6s.)

THE PUPPET CROWN.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

ANOTHER story of a small kingdom and a king who found his crown not worth the wearing. But he found other things, apparently, as the author gives us as a motto that quatrain from Omar beginning "Ah, love! could you and I." An exciting story, full of intrigue and a good deal of human nature. Mr. MacGrath writes with some distinction. (Methuen. 6s.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## “A Period of Great Funerals.”

MR. EDMUND GOSSE has undertaken the difficult and delicate task of writing the article on English Literature since the year 1879 in the new fourth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Unfortunately he has made so much of the difficulty and of the delicacy that his article, excellent up to certain points, breaks down at later points rather disastrously. We do not forget that Mr. Gosse writes under authority. It is, indeed, clear that the editors of the *Encyclopædia* have failed to see the necessities of the case. To a history of literature, that is of ideas, in the last twenty-three years only nine pages have been allotted as against twenty-four to Architecture, thirty to Charities, and thirty-eight to Algebraical Forms.

But this is not all. It was laid down in the preface to the New Volumes that, “in accordance with the best opinion of their generation,” the editors had resolved to give, consistently with careful judgment, accounts of the most recent events and the latest phases of progress. The crystallised result of this resolve was the introduction into the *Encyclopædia*, for the first time in its history, of biographies of living men and women. At the same time the editors prudently arranged that their contributors should be relieved of the invidiousness of signing such biographies. How have these principles been applied to “English Literature since 1879”? It is clear that no satisfactory account of literary effort in the last twenty-three years can be written without handling of living names. Literature is a personal thing, however governed by broad human tendencies. By the irony of his task Mr. Gosse has had to point out that the most distinctive note in the literature of his allotted period has been the absence of tendencies and cohesion, the short life of small schools, and, in a word, the rampancy of the untethered writer. So that, unless he was prepared to say that the most prominent individual poets, novelists, and essayists of the last twenty-three years seemed to him unworthy of mention in a professed summary of those years, he was peculiarly bound to handle the work of individuals—a course which might or might not have involved the suppression of his signature. But this is precisely what Mr. Gosse has not done. He has not so much as named novelists so distinctive as Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Quiller-Couch, Mr. H. G. Wells, Sidney C. Grier, John Oliver Hobbes, Lucas Malet, and a dozen others in whose work are found at least lines of honest effort characteristic of the age. All these novelists are hidden under the phrase “a multiplicity of talent and many encouraging signs of the general vivacity of fiction,” where the words “encouraging” and “vivacity” are clearly intended to correct each other and convey a sense of Mr. Gosse’s lofty indifference to the best fictional endeavour of to-day.

It is his right to be lofty and indifferent that one disputes. An account of English Literature since 1879, written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is not a playground for snubs and preferences. Mr. Gosse’s article

is informing only in those parts which should be introductory to its substance; he is eloquent on the extinction of older lights of the nineteenth century, and thinks that the period he surveys “has been pre-eminently a period of great funerals.” We are doubtful whether any age can be that, whether the meanest show of new beginnings has not pre-eminence over many torch-lit obsequies. But we are sure that it is the business of an *Encyclopædia* to present plain facts rather than insinuate sweeping judgments. When the writer of an account of English Literature since 1879 disdains to chronicle (as matter of history) the succession of Mr. Alfred Austin to the Laureateship is it not clear that he is on the wrong tack?

But what shall we say to Mr. Gosse’s stealthy passage through the whole camp of our younger poets? The gingerly allusiveness which he substitutes for statement, to say nothing of discriminating comment, can only be conveyed by means of quotation. After a paragraph on the Parnassian School of 1880–1890, without the mention of a single name to make that term (never really established as a designation for the school of poets to which Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Lang and Mr. Gosse himself belong) intelligible ten years hence, Mr. Gosse approaches our young poets in this tip-toe fashion:—

The death of Tennyson (October 1892) was followed by a positive “crisis” in poetry. . . . One or two writers who had struggled in vain to win attention to their poetry suddenly found it widely welcomed. The years from 1893 to 1895 saw the arrival of a surprising number of candidates for the laurel. Of these newest poets, two or three of whom possess unquestionable touches of genius, it may be said collectively that they aimed rather at suggesting an effect than at toilsomely producing it. In other words, the excessive attention to form, to technical perfection, which had been carried so far by the Parnassians, failed to please, and broader modes of expression were aimed at. Into this entered what has been called the “Celtic” spirit, by which music rather than painting, the ear rather than the eye, is appealed to. Here again, as so often in English poetical history, some distant analogy with French fashions was to be perceived, and several of the youngest and more promising British poets might be welcomed as brothers by the Symbolists across the Channel.

Will it be believed that in an *Encyclopædia Britannica* article on “English Literature since 1879” this is the total hint given of poets like Mr. William Watson, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mrs. Meynell, and a dozen, say half-a-dozen, others who, whatever their ultimate merit, are sincere and distinctive poets and the makers of the highest form of “English Literature since 1879”? Let us hasten to add that Mr. Gosse’s article and signature are followed by a list of “some others among the best known writers of the period” in which these omitted names will be found with the titles of one or two books appended to each. This small-type inorganic list, filling a column and a half, seems to be intended as a bacon-saving postscript to an article filling sixteen and a half columns, but it fails of this as of any other mission.

From the incompleteness of Mr. Gosse’s survey it is a relief to turn to some of its best generalisations. To such a one, for instance, as that in which he considers with regret and bewilderment the welter of to-day’s novels. We have already contended that there are names and accomplishments in recent fiction of which Mr. Gosse ought to have taken sympathetic and indeed diligent notice. But his omission to do so leaves us much in agreement with the following passage:—

When we proceed to examine this vast productivity rather more closely we are at once struck by one conspicuous characteristic. The recent history of the novel has no continuity; its succession is without method or development. It is true that the tendency of literature can only be observed with difficulty within the narrow limits of two decades; still, even within that period it ought to be possible to trace some significance in a phase of activity represented by considerably

over 20,000 separate works. The curious analyst, however, will only be baffled if he seeks for a guiding thread running through the prose fiction that lies between the death of George Eliot and the opening of the 20th century. Not only is there no animating spirit in its production, but it is even shaken by every false wind of transient and passionate caprice. Fashion follows fashion without reason or excuse, for the gusts of taste and distaste that convulse the modern novel have scarcely any relation even to the passing fashions that affect society; they are manufactured for the moment in the offices of commercialism, and pass at once into exhaustion. We are thus confronted with the really regrettable fact that this form of representative and pictorial literature, which of all others ought to preserve the characteristics of the time, and hand on the natural lineaments of contemporary people to the remembrance of their children, has largely ceased to represent or depict anything of importance in British national life and character. Observation and consistency, its saving graces, are no longer preserved in any just proportion to the multiplicity of its energies. The novel of commerce has neither morality nor tendency: in the sifting fire of criticism it falls into ashes.

If we seek to find reasons for this, we can perhaps trace them in two principal defects of modern workmanship, the one subjective, the other affecting the author from without. The subjective defect is due to the extraordinary audacity with which the modern novelist plunges into the exercise of his craft. The great works of fiction had hitherto been produced by graduates in the university of life: men who had experienced and felt the various and poignant emotions of sorrow and aspiration; empirical judges fortified with culture. But nowadays a young man has no sooner concluded a desultory education, broken by every siren-charm of the river and cricket-field, than he is ready to attack the problems of life in the pages of a novel. Easy young spirits, with no leisure to look life in the face, scribbling against time in an atmosphere of sheltered ignorance,—what can these amateurs know of life or of their fellow-men? The result of their home-keeping energy is unfortunately harmful both to themselves and their "public"; for while the writer labours for his thirty or forty years in depicting conditions that never existed, the reader carries away from his yearly volumes an equally false ideal of life that clouds his own perception, and leaves him, at threescore years and ten, with the judgment of a child.

This seems to us to be generally sound; there is in it a reflection of the age, an echo of what thinking men feel and say about novels in this period of unprecedented production of them, which is valuable. At the same time it is too grudging. The "characteristics of the time" and the "natural lineaments of contemporary people" may have found no embracive novelist, but they are not to seek in the works of writers like Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Gissing, Mr. Wells, Mr. Percy White, Mr. George Moore, or Mr. C. F. Keary. Posterity may neglect all these writers, but why give posterity the cue? Mr. Gosse pays a just tribute to Mr. Meredith when he says that his work was the unquestioned glory of English fiction during the last forty years of Queen Victoria's reign, adding: "Mr. Meredith preserved the traditions of English fiction untarnished during one of its most prolific and most perilous periods. The preservation of the moral idea in fiction—an idea standing as a backbone to the work, and itself sustained by the outer action of the characters displayed—the preservation of this essential tradition is largely due to his loyal and unswerving devotion to the canons of literature." Mr. Hardy is inadequately mentioned as "the master of modern English realism, in his stories of pastoral life in Wessex" (that is all). And then we read of Stevenson that he was a "pure romancist of an even purer style, the lineal descendant of Scott, touched with modernity and moved by more picturesque exotic interests than Scott ever knew," a description which strikes us as very uncritical. To describe Stevenson as a lineal descendant of Scott would be too headlong even if the latter part of the sentence did not seem to mean that Stevenson had bettered Scott. He was "touched with modernity"—being more modern; and was "moved by more picturesque exotic interests"—being born in an age when such interests and the appetite for them were commoner!

But it seems hopeless to look for a convincing judgment on Stevenson. We are glad, however, that while pushing Stevenson into the arms of Scott, Mr. Gosse acknowledges that the essay was the field in which R. L. S. "excelled before he was led away by the temptations of success to an almost exclusive cultivation of prose romance." We should have been still more pleased had he suggested that Stevenson's undisputed dominion will be the *Sentimental Journey*.

In winding up his article Mr. Gosse points out that "the Romantic movement, in its different aspects, has entertained Europe for a century and more with little radical alteration." That is so, though we do not see how the fact is illuminated by the next sentence: "Between the various great poets of the Victorian age, for instance, no such difference is found as distinguished Herrick from Pope, or Goldsmith from Shelley." It would be strange if it were so, seeing that Herrick and Pope (likewise Goldsmith and Shelley) belonged to two entirely distinct epochs, the difference between which was as positive as that between pack-horse and motor-car. "It is quite possible," adds Mr. Gosse, "one may go further and say it is not improbable, that the reduction of energy in literary creation of the first order, which we cannot prevent ourselves from recognizing as a feature of to-day, will be followed by a still more marked exhaustion and fatigue before the whole Romantic movement, having had its century, is swept away to make room for some wholly different mode of literary expression." With the diapasonal sapience of this remark one can have no quarrel. Follows the complaint: "It is not the large 'returns,' the reverberating and unprecedented 'sales,' which proclaim the author whose happiness it will be to live in the history of his country's literature." Yet we fancy that the days have flown when an epoch-making work could go unrecognised, and that the next masterpiece may come with just that reverberation which is often the accompaniment, but never the proof, of worthlessness—even as it came to Byron, to Scott and to Dickens. When Mr. Gosse adds that "good and careful writing is at this moment little approved of, and the conquering masses march gaily over it and leave it bleeding," he is mourning with Hebraic picturesqueness something quite different from the public indifference to true literature. The very literature for which Mr. Gosse waits and watches will probably not be hailed for its "good and careful writing." The conquered (not conquering) masses will march over its style with heedless feet, but they will receive its matter like young lions who have lacked and suffered hunger.

## L. E. L.'s Centenary.

Do popular authors of the present day, revelling in their editions and royalties, and apparently secure of fame, ever give a thought to the fate of L. E. L.? Few writers of her day enjoyed greater vogue, or had more reason to anticipate endurance. Her books of verse and fiction were placed on the market by such leading publishers as Messrs. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, and their sale was so considerable that at a time when the rewards of literature were much less than they are to-day, she was able to command from them an average income of £300 a year. Yet now, sixty years after her death, her name is forgotten, and not one of her books is in print. Truly, the name of Letitia Elizabeth Landon ought to be a veritable death's head at the feast of the popular author. Although Miss Landon had at least half-a-dozen different houses in London which she called home at various times, the hundredth anniversary of her birth (she was born 14th August, 1802) finds only one of those buildings still standing. This is the house at No. 43, Connaught Street,



which in her time was known as No. 28, Upper Berkeley Street West.

It is with Hans Place, Chelsea, that L. E. L.'s London life is most closely associated. At No. 25, now rebuilt, she was born. At No. 22 she attended the school kept by Miss Rowden. That lady had literary tastes and had herself published a "Poetical Introduction to the Study of Botany." She had also had for her pupil Mary Russell Mitford, who has described her and the school with mingled humour and gratitude. Another of Miss Rowden's pupils was the volcanic Lady Caroline Lamb, destined to be the plague of Byron's life.

In later years, L. E. L. lived at 22 Hans Place with the Misses Lance who conducted a ladies' school. In fact, L. E. L.'s whole London life, with slight exception, centred in Hans Place. Here she found her literary tutor in William Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*. In his very ill-written and gushing Autobiography, that gentleman raves about the impassioned ideals, celestial and terrestrial faculties, abstract and visioned moods of the "female Byron" whose genius he claims to have moulded. If her literary guide could write as he does, it is not surprising that her literary disciples declared she ought to write with a crystal pen on silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing. Actually, L. E. L. wrote in her attic bedroom in Hans Place those masterpieces of sentiment for which Mr. Jerdan, writing in the middle of the last century, predicted immortality. They appeared in the popular annuals, in the Drawing-Room Scrap Book, in Heath's Book of Beauty, or separately under such titles as *The Improvisatrice*, *The Troubadour*, *The Golden Violet*, *The Venetian Bracelet*, &c., and it seems only fair to recall the fact that these and other writings of L. E. L. secured the admiration of Mr. Browning. Miss Landon was not nearly so pensive or languishing as she made herself appear in her writings: she loved London and enjoyed her dinner. She added much vivacity to a lissom beauty, so that when Hogg met her, he exclaimed: "Oh dear! I have written and thought many a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do sae nae mair; I didna think ye'd been sae bonny."

Miss Landon lived at No. 43, Connaught Street, for a few months in 1837, her next home being in the adjacent Hyde Park Street, from whence she was married and started for her new home in the Castle at Cape Town. Different complexions are put on her marriage to George Maclean, Governor of the Gold Coast. She was said to have rushed into it to escape a persistent though undeserved breath of scandal, having its origin in nothing worse than imprudence. The wedding took place at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, in June 1838, the bride being given away by her friend Sir Lytton Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Lord Lytton. She sailed with her husband for Africa on the 5th of July, and landed there on the 15th of August. On the 15th of October she was found dead on the floor of her bedroom between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. Earlier still on the morning of that day she had been to the room of her husband, Mr. George Maclean, governor of the Castle, to give him some refreshment, he being an invalid at the time. That was the last time she was seen alive. In her dead hand there was a bottle which had contained prussic acid, and the verdict at the inquest was that she had taken an over-dose of the poison, which she had been in the habit of using for spasms to which she was subject. None of her friends in England accepted that verdict. They remembered that, prior to her marriage, Mr. Maclean had been charged with already having a wife at the Cape, and that he had confessed to an irregular connection with a native woman, though he denied that any marriage had taken place, and asserted that the connection had long ceased. An appeal to the Colonial Secretary of the time for a new enquiry was fruitless, and the friends of L. E. L. had to make their choice among the three possible causes of her death. She might (1) have taken the poison accidentally, or (2)

taken it of purpose to end her miseries, or (3) have been the victim of the native woman's jealousy. The second of these theories is based mainly on the fact that Mrs. Maclean's "miseries" existed and were felt by her. On the morning of her death she wrote to a friend, "The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely anyone else. . . . He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short to do the work of a servant. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad." The mystery is, however, past all further investigation, and L. E. L.'s main chance of being remembered in another hundred years is only that attaching to an unsolved problem.

## Crossing England on Short Stories.

THE following incident is strictly authentic. My share in it cost me a sovereign and half a morning, and I consider myself justified in turning it into copy:—

About two months ago I received a letter from a young man in a northern town, who said that he had a good chance of obtaining a situation with a London publishing firm, but that he could not raise the fare to the metropolis. Would I be his benefactor? He stated that he had written and sold a number of short stories, and he appealed to my vanity by calling me a "popular author." His name was quite strange to me; he must have got my address from one of the reference annuals. There was something of calm assurance in the missive which prevented me from ignoring it. I replied that I happened to be connected with the firm which he mentioned, and that I would make inquiries and write him further. In the meantime I strongly urged him to keep out of London. I made inquiries, but no one knew anything of my correspondent, and accordingly I did not trouble him with a second letter.

A month or so later he most surprisingly called on me in my rural home. I was in the midst of a morning's work and exceedingly annoyed at the interruption; but I descended to interview him. I found a youth of twenty-three or four, thin, pale, decadent, but perfectly at ease. His clothes were shabby, his linen dirty, his boots decrepit, but the man was clean.

"I am on my way to London, and I thought I would call on you," he said.

"What for?" I asked bluntly.

"For your advice."

He began to talk about himself, and pulled from an inner pocket a carefully preserved packet of printed short stories, chiefly cut from local papers. I read one of them. It was decidedly clever.

"How do I know that this is your own stuff?" I said. "You must excuse the question. Remember it would be perfectly easy for anyone to come to me and pose as an author."

He agreed, and his answer was to produce a sketch in manuscript. This also was clever. He showed me, too, a letter from the editor of a well-known magazine, agreeing to purchase from him a two-thousand word story for the sum of half-a-guinea. I wish I had the courage to print here the name of that magazine. It appeared that my visitor got on the average seven and sixpence apiece for his stories from local northern papers. He said that his income from writing had been about a pound or twenty-five shillings per week for the past year, but this, I regret to say, I was unable to believe.

"Why did you tell me you had a good chance of a situation with Messrs. —?" I asked him. "They knew nothing about you."



"I thought I had a good chance," he replied imperturbably, and from another pocket he extracted a notice cut from one of Messrs. —'s periodicals, suggesting that smart young men of a literary turn should communicate with them with a view to joining their staff. I was obliged to laugh.

"And so you are determined to go to London," I said.

"Yes."

"You told me you could not raise the fare."

"I am walking," he said. (It was obvious.) "I have been six days on the road."

"And how have you lived?"

"I have sold short stories to local papers in the principal towns on the way." He added circumstantial details which convinced me that he was speaking the truth.

"But such papers buy their fiction through well-known channels," I said, "syndicates and things, and if they bought from you, it must have been out of good-nature."

"Yes, I know," he said, "but they bought them."

"Well," I remarked admiringly, "you have certainly invented a new way of tramping. What shall you do when you get to London?"

"I want to get a place on the staff of some newspaper. I don't care how humble it is."

"Of course," I said acridly, "that's what they all want, but no one ever gets it. I am anxious to know what will be the first thing you will do when you reach London, the first move in your campaign. How shall you begin?"

"I haven't thought of that yet," he said.

"What!" I cried. "You pose as a practical man. You have been six days en route. You are within forty miles of London; and you haven't settled yet how you will set about things when you arrive!"

He said nothing.

"In the first place," I went on, "you can do nothing whatever without a decent-looking suit of clothes. That will cost at least two pounds. Where shall you get the two pounds from? No one will look at you as you are."

"Yes," he admitted, "I know that."

"I suppose," I said, "since you've come eight miles out of your way for my advice, you must think that it's worth having. You shall have it."

I then proceeded to dissect his situation and to estimate his chances, and I made him see that this journey to London was an entirely fatuous proceeding. I told him a lot of what I knew about the slums of Grub Street. He defended his position, retreating from point to point, but in the end I reduced him to silence.

"What were you doing before you took to literature?" I said.

"I was trained at — College for a teacher. I gave up a decent place in order to go in for writing."

"Well, my advice is this. Go back instantly to where you came from and be a teacher, and keep on working at short stories and so on in the evenings until you have saved some money and made a bit of a position. Then think about London. But go back at once. Don't waste an hour."

"Oh, but —" he protested.

"Yes," I said. "You say you wanted my advice. But what you really wanted was encouragement in your own silly scheme. Now, if you'll go back, I'll pay your fare."

After about five minutes he said he would go back. I had nothing but a sovereign in my pocket, and so I handed him that. It was an indiscretion. He thanked me.

"Man to man, you give me your word to return to-day?"

"Yes, I will," he said, and I fancy he meant it.

"You might write me when you get back."

"I certainly shall," he said eagerly. "In three days at latest you shall hear from me."

"Very well," I said, "that is understood. Nevertheless, I doubt whether you will go back, after all."

"You don't believe my word?" He seemed hurt; it was natural.

"I neither believe it nor disbelieve it," I said. "Don't forget that I know nothing of you. Good-bye! There is a little inn on the hill there. Have something to eat first, and then catch the next express."

I have not heard from him. He could pay the fare to London, and still have seventeen lovely silver shillings left in his pocket. The temptation must have been too much for him. Before this he has doubtless discovered that London editors have hearts of stone. He was a pleasant, fair-haired young man, tolerably well educated, clever, and ingenious, but his mouth was deplorably weak. He may see these lines. If so, and he is cynical, he will have the laugh of me.

E. A. BENNETT.

## Drama.

### Suggestions to Managers.

I HAVE been waiting for a quiet moment in which to make a few complaints or suggestions about some practical matters connected with the stage. I take them as they recur to my memory.

One is this: Why is the hour at which performances begin so rarely printed on the tickets? An afternoon performance may begin at two, at two-thirty, or at three; an evening performance at any quarter of the hour from eight to nine, and occasionally even earlier. Very few people live quite close to the theatres; most have to time themselves exactly according to the speed of the carriages, cabs, omnibuses, or trains in which they travel. Thus the exact hour of the performance is a matter of considerable moment. Now perhaps one ticket in thirty which comes into my hands as a dramatic critic contains the hour of the performance. I live too far from the theatre to be able to go and look at the placards outside the theatre doors; if I went, I should frequently find that the time was not mentioned even on these placards. I suppose, as a rule, people look at the advertisements in the newspapers. But I happen to take in no newspaper, and often do not see one for weeks together. Sometimes I buy an evening paper for the special purpose of finding out the time of a performance; only to find no advertisement of the theatre to which I have to go, or an advertisement which mentions everything but the time. It seems to me that it is part of the business of a theatre to print the time of performance on every ticket, and so self-evident a part of its business that I cannot understand why it is not universally done.

Most theatres have by now abolished the old system of paying for programmes: should not that system be abolished in all theatres? As a rule a dramatic critic is not charged for his programme (though, during the recent series of French plays, I have met with notable exceptions to that rule), and I am now speaking, not for myself, but for the general public. The unexpected demand for sixpence usually pulls up a man on his difficult and painful struggle to get around knees without treading on toes; it keeps him fumbling in his pocket, to the inconvenience of half a row of people, some of whom are standing to let him pass. But in the case of a lady it is worse. Two ladies who come to the theatre together have either come in a carriage, without thinking of bringing money with them, or else they have the exact cab fare home in the palm of their glove. What can they do? They must go without a programme, because they have forgotten that the theatre to which they have come is one of the penny-wise and pound-foolish sort.

And now, having spoken for the public, let me speak for myself. The custom seems to me to be increasing of giving bad seats to the dramatic critics, or to all but those who represent the two or three most influential papers. I

have never been able to understand the principle on which seats are distributed. A few theatres reserve the best seats of the first few rows of the stalls for the use of the critics; but in most of the theatres I am liable to be startled by the sight of Mr. Archer, let us say, in the back row, and some obscure person, whose name I cannot give because I do not know it, in the front row. Several theatres push back their stalls half way into the pit for a first night, and give the critics what are really no better than seats in the pit, while the better part of the theatre is filled with showy "paper." Now the opinion of the critics must be considered of some importance, or they would not be invited to attend; and their opinion must to some extent depend on their comfort, on whether they have or have not to strain their eyes to see what is going on on the stage, and their ears to hear what is being said there. Is it not wise, as well as fair, to make the critic's task as pleasant to him as you can? Remember that he does not come to the theatre for his pleasure, and that he is the only person in the audience who has to come alone.

The failure of Mr. Robert Newman, who has done so much for music in England, has set me thinking on the question of concert-giving, and I am convinced that two things are mainly responsible for the financial losses of concert-givers: one is that the seats are too expensive, and the other is, that the concerts are too long. Now a reform in one of these evils would lead necessarily to the reform of the other. Mr. Newman may say, "I am obliged to charge 15s. for a stall, or I cannot pay my orchestra its £200, and my soloists their various big prices." I would answer: No one can enjoy the whole of such concerts as you give; cut them in two, charge half the price for each half, and instead of having a hall made up of empty seats and 'paper,' you will have every seat filled. In some of the East End theatres and music halls there are two performances an evening; the performances are cheap and brief, and they are packed twice over. The East End has much to teach us. Let an afternoon be divided into two concerts, one following the other with a short interval, and neither longer than an hour or an hour and a quarter. The first audience can have tea after its concert, the second audience can have tea before its concert. Neither audience will have a headache.

The fact is, that music cannot be listened to with any real enjoyment when it is listened to hour after hour in a heavy atmosphere. The ears listen mechanically, in a kind of stupor; the brain ceases to follow; you can no longer either criticise or enjoy. What we want are short concerts, and short concerts will bring with them what are rightly termed popular prices. Will not Mr. Newman or some other business-like enthusiast try the experiment?

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## Art.

### In Titian's Country.

"It is difficult," said Ruskin, "to imagine anything more magnificently impossible than the blue of the distant landscape in Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne.'" For my part, I would say, that to walk through Titian's country is to realize that there is no "magnificently impossible" wonder of colour or form that nature does not there achieve. From a mountain side I have seen outstretched on the distant valley slopes splashes of purple, each as large as a village, embedded each in its own lake of sunshine so "magnificently impossible" that no painter would dare attempt to realise the colour, any more than he would attempt to realise the intense blue of the sky last night above the mountain tops that held the light long after the sun had disappeared. As to the Dolomites themselves, under the sport of sun, mist, and rain they transform

themselves in turn into the buildings of history and the buildings of fable, or such buildings as only the hashisch-eater sees. Here in the clouds on some bright day you see the awful stairway leading to the citadel of Olympus; there the inscribed walls of an Assyrian temple, and on some lowering night the jagged portals of the Gate of Hell. But it is the colour rather than the grandeur of this region that enslaves one. And many in looking from porphyry rocks to pink pinnacles, and on all the changes of light that forest and meadow-land offer, must echo the words of Aretino: "O Titiano, where art thou, and why not here to realise the scene?"

It is of Titian one thinks in the region where Austria and Italy mingle like water with wine. Not Titian the painter, rather Titian the Man, the colourist, symbol of strength and magnificence, who left his mountain home in Cadore to become the idol of Venice, to live for nearly a hundred years, and to leave his name trailing colour through the centuries; Titian the strong man among men, the mountaineer, who loved work as he loved pleasure and ease, and who would paint a Pagan or a Christian subject with equal facility; the human, not the divine, Titian who one day will try to evade paying his income tax, and on another when two Cardinals propose to pay him a visit will fling his purse to his steward, and bid him make ready "for all the world is coming to dine with me."

The spirit of place was kind to Titian at his birth, and is friendly to his memory. Throughout his life there was one journey that he made at least once a year. It was seventy miles in length. At one end was Venice, the scene of his triumphs. At the other end was Pieve di Cadore, his birthplace. If the ghosts of the departed haunt the places they loved in life, that wild, wonderful road from Venice to Pieve is still patrolled by the tall, keen figure of Titian. On that road he found his landscapes, on that road striding away from the heat of Venice he made sketches for those blue backgrounds, jagged rocks, and towering mountains that peep out, so refreshingly, from the backgrounds of many of his pictures. To take that three days' journey from Venice to the mountains of Cadore was to recover health. The keen air blew away the effects of his busy, harassing life in Venice. How gladly when the time came for his yearly visit to his birthplace would he cross the lagoons, pass through Mestre to Treviso where he had a cottage, then up through Belluno to Longarone where the true Cadore country begins, round by Mount Antelao till he caught sight of the Castle of Cadore perched high above the spur of the hill to which Pieve clings. There he would find those whom he knew as a boy, and the humble dwelling from which at the age of ten he started forth to make his fortune in Venice, and to have Palma and Giorgione as fellow students. Or, one can fancy him on some oppressive day in Venice, when the longing for a sight of his native mountains assailed him, ascending the Campanile, looking northwards to the Venetian Alps, and seeing the gaunt form of Antelao towering above the valleys of Cadore, and his home.

Thither I went from Cortina. It had been a night of storm and thunder, but the Tyrol is a land of sudden changes, and all day the sun beat down upon the reapers, and upon the regiment of Italian soldiers who, as I drove down the Ampezzo valley, were climbing wearily, in single file, up into the mountains. Nearing Pieve, far below, I saw the bridge where the battle of Cadore was fought, of which Titian made a picture, and which was burnt over three hundred years ago. Beyond, suddenly sprang up the Castle of Cadore, now a fort, and soon the horses crawled into the mountain village where Titian was born, and I saw before me the Café Tiziano, the Piazza Tiziano, a girl in a sailor-hat carrying a tennis racquet, the straggling white houses with their green shutters, a huge hotel, a group of excited Italians gesticulating and chattering on the steps of the Municipio, and in the



middle of the sun-steeped village, majestic, lonely—Titian himself. He stands in bronze, palette in hand, bare-headed, gazing towards Venice. Close by is a shoemaker's shop, and over the door is the name Vecellio. This descendant of the Vecelli (I suppose he is a descendant) looked at me as I looked at the statue of Cadore's great son, gazing towards Venice, and I thought of that biographer of Titian who found it difficult to fathom the causes which induced Titian's father—a member of this old race of Vecelli—to apprentice his children "to the trade of painting." Behind the hotel, not without searching, I discovered the "humble dwelling" where Titian was born. It is quite without interest, and as I knew that Titian left Cadore when he was ten, the animated Italian woman who tried to persuade me that the room where she was cooking something in a large pot over a large fire was Titian's studio, had a hard task. Conscious of failure she handed me over to another animated native, who conducted me to the adjoining house, the Casa Sampieri, where there is a fresco of a Madonna with a boy angel kneeling at her feet. As I sat in that sunny room, looking at this simple but sincere picture, I could almost have wished that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle had not been born into the world to put right the history of pictures and painters. For centuries the world believed that this Madonna was painted by Titian himself when a boy with the juice of flowers, and that the kneeling figure is the boy-painter "commending himself to the Divine care before going out into the World." But Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assert that it is a work of another Vecelli, and belongs to the sixteenth century. And when Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle state a thing it has all the authority of the *Dictionary of National Biography* with the mistakes corrected. Were it not so, were this Madonna an early Titian, the thread of association that unravels as one walks through Titian's country would be complete. Here at Pieve he painted his first picture, there at Venice he painted his last, the "Christ of Pity" which he offered to the Franciscans in return for a grave. Those two pictures mark the ultimate points of the road Titian so often travelled over, the road that is for ever associated with him. The "Christ of Pity" was never finished, for, like Perugino and Ghirlandaio, the plague killed Titian; but, unlike them, his body was given a stately funeral. Palma finished the "Christ of Pity."

Between these two pictures, the traditional Madonna and the "Christ of Pity," flash the ninety or so dazzling years of Titian's life. His pictures are in the galleries of the world, public and private, and the world accepts them without criticism, for the name of Titian is a mighty name. But Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are not dazzled by a name. In their *Life* they give fifteen pages of genuine Titians and thirty-eight pages of uncertified Titians. So!

Titian as a painter has probably not drawn as near to the hearts of men as many of his lesser brethren. He is a figure, a name, a symbol of all that is magnificent in pomp, of all that is gorgeous in colour. He is Venice at the height of her glory, and it is right that his tall figure should dominate the centre of his birthplace, gazing over the passes to the city where the mountain boy lived royally, and painted prodigiously. Glorious Titian, if you like, the friend of Emperors, of Popes, and poets, but not "il divino Tiziano."

C. L. H.

## Science.

### The Beginnings of Religion.

ALTHOUGH the science of religions—in its present form at any rate—is only some fifty years old, it has already done good work in removing popular misconceptions as to the way in which the idea that there were beings in the

universe superior to himself first dawned upon man. Before science took these matters under her charge, orthodox thinkers, like the late Mr. Gladstone, still clung to the idea of a primitive revelation, whereby man was at once placed in a state of righteousness, from which he nevertheless soon fell away. Others, more sceptical, found themselves adhering to the school of Voltaire, and believed with more or less modification that all religion was the invention of priestcraft. Between them there floated a vast mass of unformed and ill-defined opinion, gravitating now to one side and now to the other, but containing hardly any elements more solid than personal experience or pre-possession. But the science of religions has changed all that, and the patient and unprejudiced collection of facts has shown us that the idea of religion, like other ideas which have upon the whole assisted man in his struggle towards civilization, was of no sudden or miraculous growth, but evolved slowly and naturally from the environment in which primitive man found himself.

In all such matters, however, the task of investigation becomes more difficult the further we go back, and there is still some difference of opinion among investigators as to the very first step in the process. Writers like M. Albert Réville, whose *Religions des Peuples non-civilisés* forms an excellent introduction to the whole subject, have shown that both the beliefs and the rites of the most primitive peoples known to us resemble one another much too closely for the resemblance to be purely accidental; and while Prof. Tylor would attribute this to what he calls animism, or the belief that all objects in nature are possessed of life, Mr. Herbert Spencer would find its origin in the worship of ancestors produced by the fear of ghosts. Neither of these theories, however, as has been well pointed out by Dr. Morris Jastrow in his lately-published *Study of Religion*, account for more than half the phenomena; for, while they do indeed go to show how man comes to recognise the existence in the universe of powers superior to himself, they in no way give us any hint as to the origin of his wish to bring himself into relation with them. The Gordian knot was cut by the late Prof. Max Muller in characteristic fashion by supposing that there is an internal power in the mind of man which enable him to "perceive the Infinite," and to this theory, with some modification, Dr. Jastrow seems himself to incline. But it may be pointed out that the "perception of the Infinite" is an idea much too abstruse and metaphysical to find a place in the mental equipment of a savage, and that the first gods of mankind, so far as we can tell, instead of implying any idea of boundlessness, seem to have been very limited and finite beings. Is it possible to find any hypothesis that will avoid this dilemma?

Now, there is abundant evidence that Prof. Tylor's assumption is correct, and that primitive man thought everything around him was, like himself, alive. The same idea is present in the mind of the child, who presents for a time many of the mental characteristics of the savage, and treats dolls and tables as if they had life. Hence we might suppose that it is the fear of beings greater than himself that leads man to worship, and that as Lucretius said long ago, it was fear that first made gods. But it should be noted that the savage does not always show fear, or rather, that not all savages show fear in the presence of forces more powerful than their own, else would man have remained for ever in the stationary condition of the anthropoid ape. True to the evolutionary impulse which has led him to assume the erect position, and to make use of weapons and fire, because by so doing he can better fit himself for the struggle for existence, there is always some man in a tribe who sets himself seriously to the conquest of nature. If there are beasts possessing ten times the strength, the swiftness, or the ferocity of man, he sets himself to destroy them; if there is a river or a mountain thought to be impassable, he crosses it; and if meteorological phenomena—rain, wind, and cold—seem at first sight



too strong for him, he sets himself to study their recurrence and the laws that seem to govern them until he obtains such a working knowledge of them as alone makes agriculture possible. Nor does he proceed differently with the powers of whose existence he has, although he believes in it, no objective proof. All observers seem to be agreed that among the earliest religious observances known to man are to be found magical rites—that is to say, rites which, without seeking to distinguish whether the powers behind nature are good or evil, yet seek to compel them and to bend their actions to the will of the operator. Only in this, the primitive leader of men—call him sorcerer, priest, medicine-man, king, or what you will—is not followed by the rest of the tribe. Not possessed like him by the upward impulse that leads him to the conquest of nature, they are content to bow where he seeks to command, to propitiate where he fights, and to entreat where he conjures. Hence it is that religion is seen always among primitive folk by the side of the magic or the attempt to compel the obedience of the gods.

When this stage is attained, the evolution of religion seems to proceed rapidly. Led by the visions that come to him both in his waking and in his sleeping hours to conclude that there is an incorporeal part of him that acts independently of the corporeal, man attains to the conception of what he calls spirits. And as in his dreams he often receives visits from members of his tribe who have for some time been dead, he naturally thinks that these spirits can survive the body that they inhabit. But the days of this life are for the savage few and evil; while he attributes more numerous and happier ones to the spirit who is not weighed down with the cares of an always-ageing body. And these last are certainly not always passed within his ken, for the spirits of the dead visit him but seldom, and there are many phenomena in nature which appear to have their causes in regions unknown to him. Hence he comes to believe in a spirit world remote from this, and he soon begins to speculate on its constitution and government. Here comes in the truth first noted by Aristotle, that man always seeks to transfer the political constitution of his native country to the skies. The nomad Semite, accustomed to be led in peace and war by one irresponsible and autocratic chief, naturally tended towards the belief in one supreme deity. The Egyptian, to whom Pharaoh was but a name, and who in all practical matters acknowledged the rule of his own nomarch or provincial chief, believed in a curious pantheon where each god could be for the moment supreme. The Greek, as member of a slaveholding oligarchy disguised under democratic forms, attributed different functions to different gods presided over by a chief who was but first among his peers. And as on the whole the rule of his own chiefs was exercised for the benefit of the whole community, so primitive man came to look upon benevolence as one of the first attributes of the governors of the divine or spiritual world. Thus did man mount upward from one form of religious belief to another, preserving as he did so many marks of the struggle through which he was passing, until he arrived at ethical religions like Christianity and Buddhism.

Such theories, although they deal strictly with matters within the category of things knowable, will for some time to come seem shocking to many people, who think that such a process of evolution in itself implies the denial of the divine origin of religion. So it was once held that the movement of the earth round the sun contradicted the Biblical assertion that the sun was made to give light to man, and the evolution of man from lower animals forms the doctrine of a miraculous creation from a single pair. The eradication of such belated notions—which like all ideas sincerely held, are entitled to every respect—is best left to time, as experience has shown clearly enough. But, in the meantime, one may perhaps ask the objectors which notion is most consistent with the dignity of the Supreme

Being: that He should have led man gradually and only as his mental development became fitted for it to the knowledge of Himself, or that He should have planted ideas which the most thoughtful of us only grasp with much mental effort into the brains of savages whom their environment compels to be both brutal and ignorant?

F. LEGGE.

## Correspondence.

George Darley.

SIR,—It is very likely the case that Darley was for a time forgotten, but that is not, as your correspondent "W. F. P." seems to think, a conclusive test of the quality of his verse. The lyrics of the Elizabethan song-books gathered dust for over two centuries, but since their revival by Mr. Bullen they have won the admiration of capable critics. Darley, writes "W. F. P.," "occupies no niche in Mr. T. H. Ward's *English Poets*, and was reduced to anonymity in the first edition of the *Golden Treasury*, and has apparently been omitted in more modern issues." But makers of anthologies are not infallible, and I cannot think that unbiassed readers of Darley's *Nepenthe* will agree with your correspondent that this poem is mere "laborious pumping from the Pierian spring." They must be struck by the poet's singular command of imaginative diction. Amid much that is waste and arid, just as much of Wordsworth is waste and arid, one meets with such arresting images as that of "Young Time," as he passes—

O'er the green earth's grassy prime,  
Ere his slouch'd wing caught up her slime.

Or this of the sea—

With his widespread webbed hands  
Seeking to climb the level sands,  
But rejected still to rave  
Alive in his uncovered grave.

I should like, too, to quote the description of Antiquity, in which good judges have found something very like sublimity:—

Antiquity, thou Titan-born!  
That rear'st thee, in stupendous scorn  
At all succession, from thy bed  
On prime earth's firm foundation spread,  
And look'st with dim but settled eye  
O'er thy deep lap, within whose span  
Layer upon layer sepulchred lie  
Whole generations of frail man!  
That steady glare not fierce simoon,  
Blasting with his hot pinion blinds,  
Nor floods of dust thy corse entomb,  
Heaped o'er thee by the sexton winds!  
Nor temple, tower, nor ponderous town  
Built on thy grave can keep thee down;  
But still thou rear'st thee in thy scorn,  
Antiquity, thou Titan-born,  
To crush our souls with that dim frown!

The truth seems to be that Darley was no mechanical versifier as "W. F. P." suggests, but a genuine poet, who only found expression now and then. The mood is rare, but when it is upon him Darley's voice comes to us, to borrow his own words,

Like the din  
Of streams lost in a roaring lynn.

May we not be grateful to those who unearth for us these buried treasures? Similarly, in the case of Beddoes, to whom "W. F. P." admits but "a soulless existence at the best," all lovers of poetry are surely the richer for those two exquisite lyrics, "If thou wouldst ease thy heart" and "If there were dreams to sell." H. C. MINCHIN.

## An "Inconceivable Heresy."

SIR,—In a review of Mr. Laurie Magnus's *Introduction to Poetry*, you say "his book seems to be an outcome of the quite modern belief that poetry can be taught. . . . Most astonishingly even a man like Mr. Beeching shares this inconceivable heresy." I am deeply obliged for your astonishment; but I should be interested to know where I have given expression to the heresy, which I also should have thought "inconceivable."—Yours, &c.,

King's College, London. H. C. BEECHING.

[Mr. Beeching's disclaimer is of course final.]

## "Prague."

SIR,—I notice in the review of my *Prague* that appeared on August 2nd in the *ACADEMY* a statement according to which "the story of the city (i.e., Prague) is begun from the reign of Charles IV." It appears to me that whatever a critic's judgment of the work of a writer may be, positive facts should be stated correctly. Following the example of all Bohemian historians, from Palacký downward, I have begun my historical account of Prague with the semi-mythical King Krok and his daughter and son-in-law, Libussa and Přemysl. This account will be found on pages 1 to 5. The statement of your reviewer would also infer that the reigns of St. Wenceslas (pages 5 and 6) and of Přemysl Ottokar II., one of Bohemia's greatest rulers (page 7 to page 12), had been omitted from my book.—Yours, &c.,

(COUNT) LÜTZOW.

Chateau de Zampach,  
Hnátnice, Bohême.

## Our Weekly Competition.

## Result of No. 151 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best impression of Coronation Day of about 300 words. We award it to Mr., Mrs., or Miss E. T. Taylor, Westfield, Kendal, for the following:—

## HOW I SPENT THE CORONATION DAY.

We are not disloyal, but we have feelings! There was to be an "historical procession" arranged by people without an atom of historical knowledge; and across the slums, between us and Greytown, the "ladies" had hung brightly-coloured garments in lieu of banners. So we mounted our bicycles and dived into the midst of the purple fells (just far enough for the Coronation peal from the town's brand-new bells to be made beautiful to our ears), dismounting at a spot where Nature had decorated the beck side and steep crags without one error in colour or in form. By the still mill-wheel we spread our lunch; then rose to toast our Sovereign in the purest water his wide dominions hold. Afterwards, when wandering up the tortuous dale, picking wild raspberries (an unfailing cure for distressed nerves), we lit upon this scene: a boy and a girl sat on bosses of scented heather, hand in hand, by them an older lad, holding two crowns of bracken. A solemn recital was closing, and the boy who was chief actor in the play, had just kissed a book (*Butter's Spelling*), whilst the brown hands of a group of applauding comrades waved gay foxglove spikes in the air. . . . Thus we witnessed a Coronation celebration after all, and we think their Majesties will appreciate the snapshot of which we are asking their gracious acceptance.

Other papers follow:—

In the centre of the village green stood a long flagstaff flying the Union Jack. The stocks, relics of other ages, were modernised somewhat by tricolor decorations spread over the frame. Little knots of villagers were discussing slowly and impressively the King's late illness, and his wonderful recovery. The village band played its loudest to promote cheerfulness, and gave selections of old favourites, which caused many a retrospective shake of the head of those who had been young. The conductor of the band (a butcher) interfered sadly with the execution of the several pieces on the programme. Forgetting his responsible position ever and anon, he saluted a passing customer, thereby throwing the band into confusion.

At dusk, each villager held a lighted fairy lamp and joined in a serpentine movement on the green, whilst their children surrounded

them with Chinese lanterns, held lighted as high as their shoulders. The band at last struck up the National Anthem, which was sung so heartily that the oldest inhabitant expended all his temporary supply of breath, and was placed upon the green to recover. "Good night" was now the general greeting, to which was added, "God save the King." [A. H., Birmingham.]

My Coronation Day was spent in a sickroom, where, alas! my lot has been cast for many months. Early in the morning my energetic daughters decked my windows with flags, evergreens, and red, white, and blue flowers; and for the two or three hours during which I am allowed up, I sat close to the open window revelling in sunshine and the lovely Devonshire view—the Beacon Hill crowned with heath; below, dark firs, with here and there a white seagull floating across them, then meadowlands and fields of yellow corn, and away to the right the blue sea with Berry Head in the distance. Being by the roadside, I was by no means out of the festivities, all sorts and conditions of carriages passing constantly; from coaches, crowded with holiday folk, to a tiny coster-cart with a disreputable looking man playing a concertina, the little donkey galloping along at its own sweet will, while its rather too merry master greeted us with a true coronation cheer. The church bells, and guns fired from the neighbouring town, announced that all was well, and when evening came rows of candles lit in my windows made me feel that I, too, could take a little part in the illuminations also; even getting a glimpse of red bonfires gleaming from Berry Head, Torquay, and the Haldon Hills, and hearing the soft rush of rockets through the air, accompanied by strains of music in which the ever-recurring note of "God save the King" could be clearly distinguished. [A. F., Exmouth.]

## Competition No. 152 (New Series).

Repeating a recent popular competition, to which we propose to recur at short intervals, we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best comment on any subject suggested by an article or paragraph in our present issue. About 150 words.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 20 August, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of *Wrapper*, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

## New Books Received.

## POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Blake (Robert), *Trials and Triumph: A Coronation Ode* . . . . . (Greening) 0/6  
Longstaffe (J. L.), *A Pack of Poems* . . . . . (Allen) net 1/0

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Devonshire (Mrs. R. L.), *Translated from the French by Life and Letters of H. Taine, 1828-1882* . . . . . (Constable) net 7/6  
The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. II. . . . . (Funk & Wagnalls)  
Wright (Arnold) and Smith (Philip), *Parliament, Past and Present*. Part XII. (Hutchinson) net 0/7  
Wilkins (W. H.), *Our King and Queen*. Part XI. . . . . ( " ) net 0/7

## EDUCATIONAL.

Scott (Sir Walter), *Marmion* . . . . . (Dent) 1/4  
Bryant (W.), *Dent's English Grammar* . . . . . ( " ) 1/4  
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